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The Week

THERE is not much in the news from China that makes cheerful reading for friends of the Nationalist government. The authorities at Nanking are gravely embarrassed for funds, and they face a growing unrest as the war-lords in various sections begin to reassert themselves. The most important of these is Feng Yu-hsiang, who never "stays put" very long, and seems to be on the point of open hostility. The revolt at Canton appears to have been ended, at least for the present, but only through buying the rebels off, a process which is likely to be ruinous to the Nationalists' prestige. The famine continues to take terrible toll, and such relief as is in sight (it is mostly from foreign sources) is altogether inadequate to the appalling need. The one bright spot in the immediate picture is the end of Chang Tsung-chang's revolt in Shantung—brought about, we are told, through the intervention of a member of the American Consular Service, Mr. Leroy Webber.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, the Nationalist government could hardly have chosen a worse moment to renew its plea to the United States for the abolition of extra-territoriality. As our readers are aware, a good case can be made logically for the renunciation of these special privileges. Russia, Germany, Austria and Hungary lost theirs during the War, and they have been voluntarily relinquished by Belgium, Italy, Denmark, Portugal and Spain in new treaties which will take effect in a few months' time. The citizens of the four first-named countries have not found that being subject to Chinese law has imposed any intolerable burden upon them. But in view of the conditions we have enumerated, it is not surprising that the American government should stand by its position, expressed in 1926, that extra-territoriality will be surrendered only when China has given evidence that she is prepared to give adequate safeguard to foreign rights and property, and that this has not yet been done.

IT WAS only natural that President Simmons of the New York Stock Exchange should be impelled to defend that institution against the bad reputation into which it is slowly gliding. Many are likely to believe that instead of fulfilling its main function as a legitimate market for securities it has become a center of a get-rich-quick mania whose speculative inflation is endangering the prosperity of the country as a whole. And it was natural that his defense should take the form of an attack upon that general scapegoat—the Federal Reserve Board. But when Mr. Simmons blames the Board for a restriction of credit which has resulted in high rates, with possibly injurious effects upon business, he is putting the cart before the horse. So long as there is a large potential speculative demand for stocks, any available amount of credit would be absorbed, the use of that credit would in turn send stocks further up, and more credit would in turn be demanded. There is no breaking of such a vicious circle, as Mr. Simmons must well know, short of an insupportable strain on banking reserves which would cause a real panic, not only on the market but in business as well. Nobody can intelligently maintain that a central banking system is not needed to put on the brakes before a crisis is reached. The brakes consist of credit restrictions,

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of course, but the fundamental cause of the restrictions is the threat to the reserves which makes high rates necessary—a threat arising from the rapid expansion of speculative credit. Why blame the brakes when the real trouble is the steepness of the hill? It may yet prove that the authorities allowed the car to gather too high a speed before deceleration began.

THE article by Trotsky which we publish in this issue is printed, as we need hardly say, for its intrinsic interest and not because The New Republic agrees either with its premises or its conclusions. In view of his personal misfortunes, the exiled Russian leader shows a remarkable power of detached analysis; but his detachment is that of the rigid Marxian, and seems to us to lack a realistic view of history—the very thing on which he prides himself. His notion that democracy is a fair-weather form of government, incapable of withstanding the storms of international or domestic controversy, can be supported (as he himself half admits) only by taking for your examples countries where democracy has never made more than the feeblest beginnings, and countries, moreover, in which the industrial revolution has hardly more than started. Whatever may be true theoretically, dictatorship has not followed complete and successful democracy. To say that the downfall of the Kerensky regime in Russia proved the failure of democracy is to overlook the most important facts. Kerensky presided, not over democracy but over chaos; the policy of the Tsars through many generations had kept Russia in such a state that the creation of a democracy would have been the work of several decades at best, even had not the War brought the country to a final condition of almost complete wreckage. There is also the fact that Kerensky himself was weak and hesitant; there is no historic reason to believe that a strong man in his place might not have acted with such vigor as to make the Bolshevist Revolution unnecessary, or to have crushed it when it came. Kerensky's weakness was an historic accident, which Trotsky cannot admit because there is no room in his mechanistic scheme for any such thing.

HE IS right when he says that the Whites' attempts at counter-revolution in the past have sought to bring back capitalism and landlordism riding on a cannon; but his assumption that this is the only way capitalism can return seems somewhat naïve, in view of the fact that he is now in exile largely because of opposing a process by which the Soviet state has for some years been permitting a very considerable infiltration of capitalistic enterprise. The facts of history do not support his confident predictions. It is perfectly possible that Bonapartism, if it came, might be succeeded by a return to something akin to what Kerensky aimed at; or that the present progress toward capitalism might continue without bringing the dire results he predicts. Capitalism is itself changing its form in the countries where it has reached its greatest development, and is doing so with such rapidity that the orthodox Marxian is likely to be far behind the times. The one safe prophecy which can be made about the future of society is that no prophecy has much importance if it is based on dogma, as Trotsky's is, and not on a study of the actual facts.

THE investigation of the "Vestris" case in London has produced some painful facts. There is now no doubt that the vessel was overloaded when she sailed from New York on her last voyage, that important information was concealed by British seamen who testified at the inquiry in New York. Chief Officer Johnson now admits that "we didn't want the American people to get hold of this overloading business, and we were trying to conceal it. . . . We wanted to get home and didn't want to be in those courts all the time in America." There were, it is clear, two chief factors in the situation which made the "Vestris" tragedy possible. The American inspection of all ships is inadequate, due to the weakness of existing law, and it is particularly so in the case of a vessel of foreign registry. There is no reason, except the temporary moral influence of the "Vestris" case, why the tragedy might not be repeated tomorrow. Senator Wagner has introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for a careful study by a committee, as a preliminary to new legislation; and there are few subjects before the special session of Congress which are of more importance.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hoover has made some good appointments, he has made some poor ones also, and of these one of the most indefensible is the naming of John M. Morin of Pittsburgh to the vacancy on the federal workmen's compensation commission. As Mr. John B. Andrews of the American Association for Labor Legislation points out, this is a position calling for considerable technical ability and responsible judgment. There was strongly recommended for the place, by organizations of employers, workers and insurance companies who are vitally affected, a man with eight years of successful experience in compensation work, following the achievement of a master's degree in engineering and a special study of law and surgery as a preparation for his chosen calling. This acknowledged expert was turned down by the President in favor of a "lame-duck" Congressman, who for several years represented the "old fourteenth" ward in the Pittsburgh Common Council and has little to recommend him for his new job except his faithfulness as a machine politician. Whether at the age of sixty-one he can quickly master the intricacies of workmen's compensation administration and become the equal of the man wanted by those who are affected by the law ought to have been a question considered by the expert at the head of our government.

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MORE THAN four years ago, in The New Republic of February 25, 1925, we commented on a remarkable pamphlet by Mr. S. S. Wyer, published under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington and containing a bitter attack on the publicly owned hydro-electric power system of Ontario. It wasn't hard to prove that Mr. Wyer's chief statements were all false; what interested us was how it happened that a scientific institution of the Smithsonian's standing should go out of its way to do such a thing. Last week the facts came to light through the investigation by the Federal Trade Commission. The Smithsonian didn't pay Mr. Wyer. It merely lent its name to a piece of propaganda for which the hard cash—to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars—came out of the coffers of the Duquesne Light and Power Company of Pittsburgh. Another report by Mr. Wyer, on Pennsylvania's electric and natural gas resources, was also a cuckoo's egg laid by the power interests in the Smithsonian's nest, and a third one would have been written on Muscle Shoals, but "a cub reporter in Chattanooga" gave the show away, and the enterprise had to be abandoned. Mr. Wyer, so far as we know, is neither better nor worse than other power-trust propagandists; but the part played by the Smithsonian Institution looks like a disgraceful misuse of a respected scientific organization. We wait impatiently to hear what, if anything, its directors have to say in their defense.

THE war between the book clubs and the retail booksellers is about to come out into the open. At the convention of the American Booksellers' Association in Boston, Mr. Arthur Brentano, Jr., its president, attacked the book clubs and charged that they have been responsible for the depressed condition of the book business during the past year. Frank L. Magel, chairman of the Association's board of trade, introduced a peppery resolution in which he said that there is no "best book of the month," since various books differ so widely they cannot be compared; that if there were, no committee could read enough books, or has wise enough judgment, to say which is best; that the advertising a book-club choice receives tends to cut down the sales of similar books, some of which are just as good or better; that readers come to depend on the committee and lose their own initiative in the selection of reading matter, and that writers now write, and publishers select, in the hope of obtaining a book-club selection, which is detrimental to intellectual and artistic standards. To all this a reply was made by Harold Guinzburg of the Literary Guild, who says that the public buys books through the clubs because it wants to, and that it is useless to fight a trend of public taste; that similar clubs have flourished for ten years in Germany, without producing the evils cited, and that the booksellers have made similar attacks in the past upon "low-priced reprint editions, the growth of circulating libraries—in fact, every development which forced them to better methods of merchandising and sale." It is probable that more facts about book-club methods may be brought out in the course of the libel suit just brought by the Book-of-the-Month Club against E. P. Dutton and Company and its president, John Macrae, who criticized the Club recently in widely distributed public statements. It was high time, in our opinion, that the subterranean debate about the value of the book clubs was brought out into the open. If there is no one and simple answer to the questions which have been raised, and if, as seems to us evident, the clubs have both good and bad features, it is a wholesome thing that their advantages and disadvantages should be weighed before the court of public opinion.

A STRAY paragraph in the Authors' League Bulletin records the passing of two names which once worked magic in the periodical world. Everybody's Magazine is no more; after a career which of late years had been curious and checkered, it has been merged with another journal called, of all things, Romance. McClure's has undergone the same fate; it has been absorbed into The Smart Set, which has itself experienced several metamorphoses since the fine careless days when Mencken and Nathan were its editors and wrote deferentially about themselves under the joint pseudonym, Owen Hatteras. A quarter of a century ago, McClure's and Everybody's were important forces in American life. In the heyday of muckraking, they exposed corruption and warned of anti-social tendencies both in relation to the federal government, and on a smaller stage in individual states and cities. What they said was received with the greatest seriousness; it is hard to say just how much influence they wielded, but it was probably greater than that of any similar periodical of today. Their decline was as sudden as their rise: the public all at once seemed to tire of their formula, good subjects for their revelations grew scarcer, trust-busting Teddy Roosevelt was succeeded by placid and somnolent Taft. The Great War came at last and stamped out the final scattered embers. America is too busy to indulge in sentimental reminiscence; yet it does seem regrettable that these battered old hulks, which once so proudly kept the seas, should slip down to oblivion without even a gun's being fired in parting.

ONE OF the most dubious features of the new tariff bill is its provision for a change in the make-up and operation of the Tariff Commission. The present Commission was largely discredited by the Coolidge policy both of forcing out members who were not dogmatic protectionists, and based their conclusions on scientific rather than partisan foundations, and of ignoring most recommendations except those for changes upward. The new bill would legalize this Coolidge policy by depriving the Commission of its independent status, making it subordinate to the President and dropping the re-

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quirement that it must be a bi-partisan body. It would be a foregone conclusion, under the new law, that a protectionist President would appoint a protectionist Commission. The body would further be relieved of the responsibility of attempting to discover comparative costs of production in this and other countries, and would instead be given broad powers enabling it to move speedily in recommending changes in duties. It is true that to discover comparative costs of production was a slow, difficult and sometimes impossible task. But the advantage of this circumstance was that it tended to prevent many many tariff changes.

SO MANY blows have been struck at freedom of speech and action lately that it is thrice-welcome news when something can be put into the other side of the balance. Such is the exoneration of the doctors and nurses arrested in New York's famous birth-control raid. Magistrate Rosenbluth has dismissed all the defendants, in a decision which declared it is up to the police to prove bad faith on the part of those operating the birth-control clinic, and that no proof was offered in this case of any such thing. The Magistrate ruled:

> The law is plain. If a doctor in good faith believes that a patient is a married woman and that her health requires prevention of conception, it is no crime to so advise and instruct therein. (People vs. Sanger, 222, U. Y. 192.) Good or bad faith is of the very essence to determine guilt or innocence under the statute.
>
> That Mrs. McNamara came to the defendants in an avowed search for a means of preventing conception and declared that purpose to the defendants, does not, of itself, furnish a basis for an inference of bad faith on the part of the defendants.
>
> It may well be that, in spite of her purpose to search out and beguile a suspected violator of the statutes, Mrs. McNamara's physical condition, as disclosed only to the defendants, made their advice and instruction to use the contraceptive, entirely necessary to prevent disease, as defined in People vs. Sanger, and in good faith.
>
> One cannot fairly come to a conclusion as to the good faith required of defendants by the statutes without knowing something of the diagnosis. The diagnosis will tell whether the prescription was warranted or not.
>
> The burden clearly rests on the people in this kind of prosecution to negate the good faith of the doctor or nurse. (People vs. Davico, 170 A. D., 337.)

EVIDENCE that the New York police authorities now feel the raid was a mistake is offered by the fact that Mrs. Mary Sullivan, head of the Policewomen's Bureau, has been demoted from that position by Commissioner Whalen. Whether she is being used as a scapegoat for the sins of others, we do not know; Mr. Whalen has not indicated the source of the complaint against the birth-control bureau, nor whether Mrs. Sullivan was personally responsible for the raid. These, however, are unimportant details. Magistrate Rosenbuth's decision is in accordance with sound public policy.

Pandora's Tariff

THE NEW tariff bill has already turned out to be a veritable Pandora's box of troubles for Mr. Hoover's administration. Though believing, as he apparently does, that the House committee version goes too far in upward revision, he is likely to see it augmented before it passes that body, and swollen out of all recognition before the Senate gets through with it. That is the way with tariff bills. Open in Congress the chance of revision, and immediately the logs begin to roll. One interest gaining its end arouses the envy of all others. No political machine, having started the bribery which tariff favors constitute, dares leave any important constituent dissatisfied. And in the end, the general upsetting effect of the changes in economic relationships which a general revision of duties involves, and the injury to the interests of the unorganized and unrepresented, are almost certain to produce a revulsion dangerous to the party and the administration which are responsible. For the tariff is inimical to the welfare of the nation as well as to that of the politicians.

It is ironical that almost the first experience of "the engineer in politics" should be with such an ancient trouble-breeder, such a stupid and inexpert way of dealing with the national economy. Ironical, and wholly unnecessary. Mr. Hoover based his campaign on the prosperity which the country had already achieved. There was no need, at least in his eyes and those of his supporters, to do anything drastic to our economic life. We already had the highest duties in our history, adopted on the plea that they were essential for abnormal and temporary post-war conditions. The candidate weakened sufficiently to defend the principle of protection, but chiefly by the campaign plea that the Democrats would attempt downward revision. Some of his admirers said privately that he knew better. But when he went so far as to sanction a "limited revision" upward, he definitely opened Pandora's box. For a limited revision by Congress is politically impossible. The New Republic was right in saying that the injection of the tariff issue into the campaign, for the ostensible purpose of arousing fears of what the Democrats might do, would prove to be merely a mask for a general revision upward. And Al Smith was right in declaring that general tariff revision by Congress is an abomination to be avoided.

It is true that the economic situation of the country has not been in all respects as bright as it was painted by the exponents of Republican prosperity. There are depressed bituminous coal, depressed cotton textiles, depressed agriculture. But protection cannot aid any of these situations. We do not import coal; the trouble is overproduction in the domestic market. Cotton has remained depressed in spite of high tariffs; we now import few cotton textiles; the trouble here is also in the overproduc-

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tion, disorganization and mismanagement of the industry. And as for the farmers, it has been as plain as day to all the responsible agricultural economists that the tariff cannot aid the major staples which have been in the greatest difficulties because they have been overproduced, and which depend largely on the foreign market. It cannot aid them, that is, without some such device as the McNary-Haugen Bill or the debenture, which the administration opposes. Even in such cases as sugar and dairy products, where the tariff may temporarily raise the price because the producers do not depend on export, it tends to encourage overproduction within the tariff barrier, as it did with cotton textiles. Without control of output, protection is ineffective; with control of output, protection is unjust.

The net result is that the "limited revision," which was supposed to be chiefly for the benefit of the farmers, appears, even in its first and most limited form, as a duty on shingles, bricks, lumber and cement, which farmers buy but do not sell, increases on hundreds of other manufactured products, and increases in only a limited number of agricultural duties which do not even pretend to aid wheat and cotton, and are likely to confer little permanent benefit on the products which they are supposed to protect. Outstanding among these is the proposed duty on sugar (which most farmers consume but do not raise) a duty which, as is demonstrated in another editorial in this issue, will in the end stimulate production in the Philippines and ruin the already suffering Cuban industry, meanwhile first overbuilding and then injuring our own beet farms. And what can the duty on cattle and beef do but intensify the swing of the normal cycle which runs from shortage to overproduction and back again, or the tariff on corn and corn products do (if it works) but make it easier for foreign hog-raisers to capture the export market—an effect which constituted one of Mr. Hoover's ten reasons for objecting to the debenture? As an engineering method of dealing with economic problems, the tariff is an insane device.

Between the domestic interests grabbing for higher duties and those which would be injured by them, Mr. Hoover and his party would seem to have trouble enough, but that is by no means all. The effect of the new bill on foreign relations and foreign trade would be scarcely less important. It is desired to enter an era of better feeling with Latin America; we begin by cutting down Cuba's chief market for her chief product, and offending the largest South American republic—Argentina. It is desired to improve our relations with Great Britain and with Europe; we insist on collecting war debts while striving to prevent Great Britain and Europe from selling us anything with which to pay them—even the things they can make better and more cheaply than we. We want to live on good terms with Canada as our largest customer and the most fruitful outlet for our foreign investments; yet we attempt to prevent her from sending anything to us. These things are emotionally important, but they involve hard economic realities as well as sentiment. At present the very core of our prosperity is the busy automobile industry, which depends increasingly on exports. Cuba buys more of our automobiles than any other of our products; Canada is our largest export market for cars; Argentina and Australia bulk heavily in the total. Yet we do our best to make it impossible for these customers to buy—we will not take anything in exchange.

Most important of all in reference to the present political situation is the palpable injustice of such a measure as this to the discontented farmers. The Republican insurgents' defiance of Hoover on the debenture issue is no accident; it is no vagary based upon folly and stubbornness. It arises from a settled conviction that the producers of farm staples are at a lasting disadvantage in our economic system as long as import duties increase the prices of what they buy, but not of what they sell. This conviction is now given a great emotional impetus by the falling prices of wheat, which arise from a large carry-over plus a bumper winter-wheat crop. The Senators who voted for the debenture, Republican and Democratic, will be incomprehensibly illogical unless they link that measure firmly with the new tariff bill, and resolve that both shall stand or fall together. The tariff without the debenture is not farm relief, but farm exasperation. And if the debenture is defeated by the House, as it probably will be, these Senators have no sincere alternative but to fight any increase in the tariff—something which many of them can do much more sincerely than they supported the debenture.

This possibility, strangely enough, seems to us to constitute the hope for Mr. Hoover at the bottom of the Pandora's box which he has so rashly opened. He does not agree with the insurgent Senators in support of the debenture, but may he not agree with them in opposition to the tariff bill? It is predicted this week by our Washington correspondent that the bill, after it emerges from Congress, will evoke his veto. If so, he might well make an alliance with the agricultural Senators in support of that veto. Though they may not hold enough of their strength to prevent the bill from passing the Senate, they, together with the Democrats, ought certainly to be able to muster enough votes to prevent the measure from becoming a law without the President's signature. For a Republican chief executive thus to ally himself with the opposing party and the irregulars of his own would be a daring action, and one that in ordinary circumstances would be too unpractical to be considered by a politician. But it might be the means of saving the economic credit of the Hoover administration—and that is of first importance to it, even politically. There are, furthermore, influential forces within the ranks of his own party which would strongly support such action. It would be a stroke calculated to arouse wide approval for courage, independence and good

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judgment, if Mr. Hoover should slam shut the lid of this Pandora's tariff, and let the Senate minority sit on it.

Persecution by Delay

ELSEWHERE in this issue, The New Republic publishes most of the essential documents in the Mooney-Billings case. So far as we are aware, the only important exception is the actual record of the testimony, which comprises many thousands of pages, and was ably summarized in our pages recently by Mr. Henry T. Hunt. It is interesting to note that even an unusually slow reader can go through the letters and the report which we reprint this week, in less than half an hour. The report, written by President Wilson's special committee of inquiry, can be perused in ten minutes.

To many of our readers it will come as a surprise that every essential item in the catalogue of injustice to Tom Mooney was known as long ago as the date of this report—January 16, 1918. Already it had been shown that Oxman, the witness on whose testimony Mooney was found guilty, had written to a friend asking him to come and perjure himself in the case. It was also known that, before the bomb explosion on Preparedness Day, efforts had been made to link Mooney with a similar but less deadly explosion in connection with a labor dispute—an explosion which bore every mark of having been the work of an *agent provocateur*. For more than eleven years, then, Mooney and Billings have remained in prison without a shred of respectable evidence that they had anything to do with the crime for which they are being punished. During most of that time, due to the technical legal situation in California, their only hope of freedom has been through the issuance of a pardon by the Governor. For most of eleven years, successive Governors have refused to investigate the case, or at least to admit that they have done so and to take the action which any honorable man must take after he had learned the facts.

The reasons for this, we think, are not hard to find. The ruling sentiment in California evidently is that, while Mooney and Billings may be innocent of this crime, and certainly didn't get a fair trial, they are on the whole undesirable citizens, trouble-making labor radicals, who ought to be kept in prison on general principles. California is now one of the most conservative states in the Union. In the north, sentiment is made by San Francisco industrialists who have fought bitterly and for many years against the labor unions. In the south, the scene is dominated by the retired capitalist who has moved out from the Middle West to live and is fearfully anxious lest someone should take his modest fortune away from him. Throughout the state, the citizenry have not yet recovered from the fright given them years ago by the Industrial Workers of the World, through the hop-field riots and other incidents, a fright which was largely responsible for California's infamous "criminal syndicalism" law.

While these facts explain the dreadful miscarriage of justice in the Mooney case thus far, they do not excuse it. The case has made California justice a byword throughout the world; millions of people who know nothing else about the state (except that Charlie Chaplin lives there) have heard of the martyrdom of Mooney. Whatever excuse was afforded his predecessors in office through the existence of the post-war hysteria is lacking to Governor Young, since even California is coming back to reason, has abandoned the criminal syndicalism prosecutions and released her political prisoners, except these two. The Governor has promised to study the cases of Mooney and Billings this spring. We await his announcement that he has done so and that they are to be set free.

Robbing the Sugar Bowl

OF the many philanthropies bestowed by the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, none is more beneficent than the proposed increase in the sugar duty. The effective rate on sugar is already 1.76 cents a pound, a duty which is nearly 100 percent *ad valorem*. The Ways and Means Committee proposes to increase this rate to 2.40 cents—an increase which will probably add $150,000,000 to the country's sugar bill, at least temporarily. The purpose of this increase is to bring resuscitation to our beet-sugar growers, who are scattered through eighteen states. And superficially they have a better case for protection than other kinds of agricultural producers, simply because there is no export surplus of sugar. The American people consume about 6,000,000 tons of sugar annually. Only 20 percent is produced within the continental United States; about 30 percent comes from cane produced in Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines; the remaining half comes from the cane-fields of Cuba.

We are now told that adequate tariff protection will encourage the American farmer to desert the production of wheat, the sale of which is dependent in large part upon foreign markets, in favor of sugar, which would be consumed at home. An increased duty on sugar would therefore be an incentive to agricultural diversification. From the standpoint of national policy it is unsound, we are also told, to rely upon overseas territory for 80 percent of our sugar supply. Further protection also is necessary, it is said, because the price of sugar, due to overproduction in Cuba, is at a pre-war level despite increased costs of production.

When tested, these arguments do not hold water. Nothwithstanding the increased protection afforded by the tariff acts of 1921 and 1922, sugar-beet production within the United States has remained virtually stationary, while cane production

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in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines has materially increased. Sugar-beet cultivation is apparently limited by high costs of production in comparison with the cane-sugar industry in our insular territories; and by the curly top disease, for which no remedy has yet been found. The beet-growers have virtually admitted that an increased duty will do them little good unless some limitation is at the same time placed upon the free import of sugar from the Philippines. For the long-time effect of an increased tariff would be to transfer the chief source of our supply from Cuba to the Philippines. Although beet-growing in this country might temporarily be stimulated, it would ultimately meet disastrous Philippine competition.

It is absurd to talk about building up a stronger beet-sugar industry in order to be prepared for war, simply because our beet-sugar seed is all imported from Europe. Cuba, the present source of half of our sugar supply, is, moreover, more easy to defend in time of war than any of our overseas possessions.

We should not be hasty in assuming that the beet-sugar factories now clamoring for protection really represent the American farmers' interests. The industry as a whole is dependent upon labor from Mexico, while in wide areas child labor is employed. The beet-sugar farmers, who as a rule are unorganized, sell their beets at a price usually dictated by the factory. And a tariff increase in all probability will simply swell the profits of the factories rather than the farmers' income. For the last two or three years, the Great Western Sugar Company, which produces about half of the beet-sugar grown within the United States, has paid a dividend of 33 percent. And in 1924 the Tariff Commission, taking into consideration costs of production here and in Cuba, recommended that the tariff on sugar, instead of being raised as the Ways and Means Committee now recommends, should be lowered. The same conclusion was reached by a study of the Institute of Economics. While it is true that the small producers of beet-sugar are not making large profits, an increased tariff will simply bring into existence more inefficient producers who could be temporarily sustained only by further protection, and cannot permanently be sustained at all.

An increase in the sugar tariff will, moreover, virtually force the island of Cuba into bankruptcy. The depressed economic condition of that country is shown by the declining trade with the United States during the last few years. An increased tariff will simply multiply Cuba's difficulties; it may even throw the island into complete economic and political demoralization. Apart from the fact that three-fourths of the Cuban sugar crop is American-controlled, and apart from the fact that Cuba is an important export market for our automobiles and machinery, the United States should be solicitous of Cuba's welfare. Had it not been for the Platt Amendment, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1902 and the demands of the United States for sugar during the World War, Cuba would not, in all probability, have concentrated all of her energies upon the cultivation of this one crop, resulting in the overproduction of today. It is unfortunate that we have brought Cuba to the one-crop system, but having brought her there, we should not cut off her chief source of income. No better example of the folly of the whole protective system may be found than in this effort to increase sugar production in the United States by artificial means at the very time when there is an overproduction of sugar in Cuba and, in fact, throughout the entire world.

An increase in the sugar tariff in the long run will also do injury to the Philippines. As a result, apparently, of Secretary Stimson's protest, the Ways and Means Committee failed to recommend the imposition of a restriction upon the free import of sugar from the Philippines. While at present this territory exports only about 500,000 tons to the United States, Pedro Guevara, the Philippine commissioner, estimates that within a few years the Islands will be able to produce 1,500,000 tons. As a result of an increased duty and a potential monopoly of the American market, American capital will in all probability organize a campaign to break down the restrictive land and immigration legislation in the Philippines in order to make possible there the investment of huge sums in sugar *centrals*. If this campaign succeeds, the Filipino small landowner will disappear and will be supplanted by a system of absentee landlordism in which the native is reduced virtually to a position of serf. In other words, American capital in the Philippines, given the impetus of this sugar duty, will place the Filipinos in the deplorable position in which the peasants of Porto Rico and of Cuba now find themselves. If the sugar industry gains the position in the Philippines that it enjoys in Porto Rico and Cuba, and if it comes to rely for its existence upon a free market in the United States, the hope for Philippine independence will have to be indefinitely postponed. From this standpoint, an increased sugar duty will not only be an additional burden upon the American consumer, but it will be a subtle instrument of imperialism.

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Which Way, Russia?[1]

Trotsky Speculates on the Future of the Soviet Experiment

IF the Soviet power is at grips with ever-growing difficulties; if the crisis in the directorate of the dictatorship grows ever more acute; if the danger of Bonapartism cannot be avoided—would it not be better to make a start toward democracy?" Either plainly or indirectly, this question is put in a quantity of articles devoted to the latest events in the Republic of Soviets.

It is not my object here to decide what is *best* or what is not best. I am trying to bring to light what is probable: that is to say, that which flows from the objective logic of developments. And the deduction at which I arrive is that nothing is less probable than the transformation of the Soviets into a parliamentary democracy; or, to speak more precisely, that such a transformation is absolutely impossible.

Numerous journals are kind enough to explain to me in very plain terms that my exile is the result of the absence of democracy in Russia, and that consequently I ought not to "complain." In the first place I have not complained to anyone, and secondly it has several times happened to me to be exiled even from democratic states. That adversaries of the Soviets should consider the present acute crisis in the government of the U. S. S. R. as a circumstance inherent in the regime of dictatorship is in the natural order of things. In the most general sense it is true. I am not in the least prepared, in respect of my exile, to overthrow historical determinism. But if the crisis of government did not arise by chance from the dictatorship, the dictatorship itself also did not arise by chance from the brief democracy which had replaced Tsarism in February, 1917. If the dictatorship is guilty of repressions and all the other evils, then why did democracy show itself powerless to preserve the country from dictatorship—and what are the claims which prove today that it would show itself capable of keeping the dictatorship at bay after succeeding it?

To express my idea more clearly, I must put aside geographical limits; it will suffice to recall certain tendencies of the political development of Europe since the War, which was not an episode, but the sanguinary prologue of the new epoch. Almost all the directors of the War are still living. For the most part, they said at the time that it was the last war, and that thereafter would come the reign of the democracy of peace. Some of them believed what they said; now, not one of them would venture to pronounce such words. Why? Because the War has brought us to an epoch of great tension and great struggles with the prospect of new, great wars. At this hour powerful trains dash one after the other along the rails of universal domination. We cannot measure our epoch with the yardstick of the nineteenth century, which was *par excellence* the century of the extension of democracy. In many respects the twentieth century will be more differentiated from the nineteenth than the whole of modern history differs from that of the Middle Ages.

In a Viennese journal, M. Herriot recently enumerated the signs of democratic regression in the face of dictatorship. After the installation of revolutionary power in Russia and the check to revolutionary movements in a succession of other countries, we witnessed the establishment of Fascist dictatorship in the whole of southern and eastern Europe. How are we to explain this dousing of the fires on the altars of democracy? It is sometimes said that in these cases it is a question of backward nations, or of those lacking maturity. This is an explanation just good enough in the case of Italy. But even in cases where the explanation is just, it is not enlightening. In the nineteenth century it was considered a law that backward nations were climbing the steps of democracy. Then why does the twentieth century push them along the road to dictatorship? I think that the explanation emerges from the facts themselves. Democratic institutions show that they cannot support the pressure of contemporary controversies which are at one moment international, and at another internal, and at other times both international and internal at the same time. Is this a good thing or an evil? Anyhow, it is a fact.

By analogy with electro-technique, democracy may be defined as a system of interrupters and insulators against the too-powerful currents of the national or social struggle. There is no epoch in human history so saturated with antagonisms as ours. A hypertension of the current makes itself more and more felt at different points of the European system. Under a too high tension, the "fuses" of democracy—class and international animosities—"blow out." Hence, the short circuits of dictatorship. Naturally the weakest "interrupters" are the first to give way. But the force of internal and world controversies does not weaken: it grows. It is doubtful if it is destined to calm down, given

[1] An editorial comment on this article will be found on page 2 of this issue.

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that the process has so far only taken hold of the periphery of the capitalist world. Gout begins in the little finger of a hand or in the big toe, but once on the way it goes right to the heart.

In any case, in whatever fashion my subject presents itself to countries of great capitalization and ancient democracy—a question that does not come into our field of observation—what has just been said throws in my opinion sufficient light on the problem posed at the beginning of this article. When one opposes democracy to the Soviets, one has in view a particular parliamentary system and one forgets another side—also essential—of the question: to wit, that the *coup d'état* of October, 1917, revealed itself as the greatest democratic revolution in human history. The confiscation of landed property, the entire suppression of distinctions and class privileges, the destruction of the Tsarist bureaucratic and military machine, the introduction of equality among nations and of the right of nations to dispose of themselves—here is an essentially democratic task that the revolution of February barely touched, leaving it almost in its entirety as a legacy to the October *coup d'état*. Nothing but the inconsistency of the Liberal-Socialistic coalition rendered possible a Soviet dictatorship based on the union of workers and peasants, and of oppressed nationalities. The same reasons which kept our weak and backward democracy from accomplishing its historic task will prevent it from placing itself at the head of the country, for in these latter times, problems and difficulties have become greater and democracy more petty.

The Soviet system is not a simple form of government that one could compare abstractly with the parliamentary form. Above all, it is a new system of economic or "possessive" relations. It is essentially a question of property, the soil, banks, mines, factories and railroads. The laboring masses recall quite well what were the lords, the landed proprietors, the usurer, the capitalist and the "bosses" in Tsarist Russia. Among the masses there undoubtedly exists the most legitimate discontent against the existing situation in the Soviet State. But the masses want neither landlord, functionary nor "boss." One must not overlook these "trifles" in intoxicating oneself with commonplaces about democracy. Against the return of the landed proprietor, the peasant today, as ten years ago, will fight to the last drop of his blood. The landlord can only return to his fief from emigration astride a cannon; and he would afterwards be obliged to sleep on his cannon as well. Truth to tell, the peasant would more easily tolerate the return of capitalism, because so far the state industries only supply him with manufactured products on less advantageous conditions than the merchants of former days. This, I may remark in passing, is at the root of all the internal difficulties. But the peasant recalls that landlord and capitalist were the Siamese Twins of the old regime, that they went out together, that together they fought the Soviets during the years of civil war, and that in the territories occupied by the Whites, the industrialist got back his factory, the landowner his land. The peasant knows that the capitalist will not come back alone, but in company with the landlord. That is why he wants neither one nor the other; and this is the powerful, though negative, force of the Soviet regime.

We must call things by their right names. It is not a question of introducing a disembodied democracy, but of Russia's return to the way of capitalism. But what would be the second edition of Russian capitalism? During these last fifteen years the world has been profoundly transformed. The strong have become immensely stronger, and the weak incomparably weaker. The struggle for world supremacy has reached gigantic proportions. The stages of this struggle have taken place across the bones of weak and backward nations. A capitalist Russia could not occupy in the world system even the third-rate position to which Tsarist Russia was predestined by the course of the last war. Russian capitalism would now be a menial capitalism, semi-colonized and without a future. Russia Number Two would occupy today a position somewhere between Russia Number One and India. The Soviet system of nationalized industry and monopoly of foreign commerce, despite all its contradictions and difficulties, is a system of protection of the independence of husbandry and of the economy of the country. That has been understood by many democrats themselves, who have been drawn to the side of the Soviet government, not by Socialism, but by a patriotism that had assimilated the elementary lessons of history. It is to this category that the numerous technical and intellectual forces of the interior belong, and the new school of writers whom, for the want of a better name, I once called *poputchiki*.[1]

A handful of impotent doctrinaires would have liked a democracy without capitalism. But the serious social forces inimical to Sovietism want capitalism without democracy. That applies not only to the dispossessed landowners but also to the comfortable class of peasant. In so far as the latter have turned against revolution, they have always become the ally of Bonapartism. The Soviet power has appeared as the result of great contradictions of an international or internal order. It is hopeless to think that the democratic "interrupters" of the Liberal or Socialist type can sustain these controversies, brought to their highest tension during the last quarter of a century; they can but "regularize" their thirst for revenge and restoration by the side of the overthrown classes, dragging out a chain in which the industrial and the trader cling to the *kulak*,[2] the landlord to the merchant, and in which monarchy is towed behind

[1] Those who follow the same road. Fellow wayfarers.
[2] Enriched peasant.

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them and foreign creditors march for the moment at the tail, so as, in case of victory, to occupy the first place in the country.

Napoleon had exactly grasped the dynamics of the revolutionary epoch and of the extremes of domination when he said: "Europe will either be Republican or Cossack." At the present moment one may say with much more truth: Russia will be Sovietist or Bonapartist.

What has just been said proves that I am far from prepared to affirm that certain absolute guarantees of stability exist in the Soviet power. If we thought that, the struggle that the Opposition is making against the danger of Bonapartism would have no meaning. I am still less inclined to affirm that the social solidity of the Soviet system might not depend on the concrete policy carried out by the present government. The sharpness of our internal struggle shows how far we are from so-called pessimism. We start from confidence in the great reserves and resources of the Soviet scheme. The march of the Opposition does not make for collapse of the Soviet power, but for its reinforcement and development.

One could formulate these deductions into brief theses:

1. The Soviet regime, independently of its Socialist aims, of which the protagonist is the vanguard of the industrial proletariat, has deep historical and social roots in the popular masses, for it is an insurance against a Restoration and a guarantee of independent development—that is to say, non-colonized.

2. The fundamental historical struggle against the Union of Soviets, as well as the internal struggle against the Communist power, is not carried on in the name of the conversion of the dictatorship into democracy but in the name of the conversion of the transitory economic regime of today into a capitalist regime inevitably dependent and "colonized."

3. In these conditions, the switching off on to the rails of capitalism could only be obtained by means of civil war, cruel and prolonged and implying intervention from outside, either avowed or camouflaged.

4. The political form of such a *coup d'état* might be simply a military dictatorship, the present variety of Bonapartism. But in a counter-revolutionary dictatorship there would be already concealed from the beginning the spring of a new Octobrist *coup d'état*.

5. The struggle of the Opposition unrolls itself in its entirety on the Soviet terrain, but appears as the direct consequence and development of the fundamental line of Bolshevism. The present stage of this struggle is not decisive but, so to speak, conjunctive.

6. Future development of the Soviet system, and consequently the fate even of the Opposition, depend not only on factors of an internal order, but also, to a large degree, on the ulterior evolution of all world conditions. What direction will the evolution of the capitalist world take? How will the strongest states which have need of expansion place themselves in the world market? How will the reciprocal relations of European states combine in the coming years and—what is indisputably more important—the United States with Europe and, above all, with Great Britain?

There are a large number of prophets who without reflection resolve the question of the fate of the Soviet Republic, but keep silence on the immediate destinies of capitalist Europe. Yet these questions are, though in an antagonistic way, indissolubly bound up with each other.

Constantinople. LEON TROTSKY.

Farewell to Simple Earth

Goodbye to you, Massive and Delicate!
I am impressed into a venture bearing
Away from your familiar regimen.
I have renounced you and go wearing
The colors of a strange, emergent state,
The habit of a person housed with men.

Goodbye to you, Certain and Reconciled!
I must forget the sight of plum and cherry,
The smell of meadows and the touch of stone,
The taste of apple and berry,
The ground-wind reasons of the child,
The whiteness of the ant-cleaned bone.

Goodbye to you, Giver of Grains and Wells!
It was your proffer, your protecting bounty
That lodged among the levels which time bends
The seeds that held this towered county
Where a great body, of which we are cells,
Presides, not caring what a cell intends.

Goodbye to you, Nation of Sea and Loam,
Community of metals! I am caught
Within this billion-grained society,
This engine of the fuel thought
That generates, for heaven and for home,
Cobbles and frenzies. I am no more free.

Goodbye, but suffer me who have two lives—
Kinship with you that fades and narrows
And service to a different government—
To give the hands to conscript arrows
And yet to save the heart-beat that survives
For fields and trees untrampled and unbent.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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Doctors and the Poor

A FEW weeks ago, an event occurred in Chicago which is of more than local significance. The Council of the Chicago Medical Society found Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, a physician of high repute in the community, guilty of unethical conduct and expelled him from the ranks of the Society. The charge, and the subsequent action of the Council, were based on the admitted facts that Dr. Schmidt is President of the Illinois Social Hygiene League, a philanthropic organization which conducts a charity clinic for the treatment of venereal disease, and that this organization receives a contribution of $12,000 a year from the Public Health Institute, which conducts a "pay clinic" for the same ailments. Their technical objection is that the Institute advertises for patients.

Since the formal charges against Dr. Schmidt were based solely upon this indirect connection with the Public Health Institute, it may be well to inquire into the activities of the latter. The Public Health Institute was organized some eight years ago by a group of public-spirited citizens of Chicago, of such high standing and integrity that the worst enemies of the Institute have never been able to find any charge against them more serious than that they are misguided. They, as laymen, were impressed by the methods used in the United States Army during the War in an effort to control venereal disease, and sought to carry over some of the same principles into civil life, since they felt that neither the private physician nor any existing public health organization was adequately meeting the existing problem.

The Public Health Institute, created as a "not for profit" corporation, began treating venereal disease at a low cost to the patient, and advertised in the daily newspapers. It quickly attracted a following, and has grown steadily, having treated as many as two thousand patients in a single day during the past year. In spite of the low cost to the patient of treatment, the Institute has been self-supporting almost from the first, owing to the large volume of work, the introduction of business methods, and the consequent lowering of overhead expense. Within the past few years it has accumulated a considerable surplus, which has in part been used in expansion of its facilities, in part appropriated to other institutions for research on venereal disease, in part used for educational propaganda against these diseases, and in part appropriated to support the free treatment of venereal disease under the auspices of the Illinois Social Hygiene League, the latter fact having led directly to the expulsion of Dr. Schmidt from the Chicago Medical Society.

The Public Health Institute has been under the ban of the Chicago Medical Society from the beginning, and no member of its staff has been permitted to remain a member of the Society. According to an official statement from the Society, "the controversy regarding the Public Health Institute is of long standing and is traceable directly to the advertising methods by which patients are attracted to it." The Society has had no direct means of attack upon the Institute, other than the method employed in the case of Dr. Schmidt, but is now understood to be sponsoring a bill before the Illinois State Legislature to prevent any corporation from engaging in the practice of medicine. The Trustees of the Institute some time ago offered to transfer the Institute to the Chicago Medical Society, provided that the Society would agree to continue its operation under policies which would guarantee its continued success in the carrying out of the purposes for which it was founded. This proposal, which has had the backing of the President-elect of the American Medical Association, has been before the Society for some time, without prospect of favorable action.

The Trustees of the Public Health Institute maintain that the Institute has made it possible for individuals of moderate means to secure competent treatment for venereal disease at a cost within their means, that without the Institute many of its patients would either go without treatment, or would seek the advice of quacks or drug-store clerks, and that advertising is in the public interest since it brings under its treatment many individuals who otherwise would be a menace to the community. The Chicago Medical Society, on the other hand, maintains that the Institute is a "thoroughly commercialized institution," and gives it no credit for any contribution either to public health, medical therapy, or medical economics. The opinion of many well informed physicians of Chicago is that, while the Institute may have its faults, it provides treatment to its patients which is on the average far better than these individuals would otherwise receive, and at a cost which they can afford to meet.

Dr. Schmidt's alleged unethical conduct, for which he was expelled from the Society, thus depends upon an indirect connection with an institution, organized "not for profit," founded for the public good, which offers treatment to sufferers from venereal disease *at low cost,* and which advertises in the daily press. Although it is not so stated

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in the action, the fact that Dr. Schmidt is known to be sympathetic with the aims, purposes, and methods of the Institute itself was undoubtedly of considerable influence in determining the action taken. The affair is regarded by many as a test case, and others may follow, since in Chicago indirect connection with the Public Health Institute is now easily to be traced to many physicians high in the profession.

Owing largely to the prominence of Dr. Schmidt in local affairs, the action of the Chicago Medical Society in ousting him has received a large amount of attention from the newspapers, mostly unfavorable toward the Society, and the Chicago Association of Commerce has reaffirmed its approval of the Public Health Institute. In spite of the efforts of the Society to have the case regarded as affecting only a violation of the principles of medical ethics, the general question of the cost of medical service has been prominent in the discussion. The contention of the Society has been that, since only a small part of the increasing costs of medical care can be traced to the increased fees of the physicians, it is not the doctor's affair that the cost of being sick can no longer be met by a large proportion of the population.

This high cost of medical care must, however, be someone's affair, and the medical profession must either coöperate in solving the problem, or must expect to have the matter taken from its hands, as was done in the organization of the Public Health Institute. The leaders of the profession recognize this fact, and at present at least ten representatives of the American Medical Association are actively associated with a national Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, which is endeavoring to make a survey of the situation with a view to finding out how medical practice may be better organized to distribute the costs and to lower expenses generally.

The problem, which is admittedly not an easy one, has been well stated by Mr. H. H. Moore, of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, in "American Medicine and the People's Health" (D. Appleton and Company, 1927), the reading of which is well worth the while of anyone interested in the intricacies of the matter. The problem will not be solved through the investigations of the Committee only, but by experimentation. Such experiments are being carried on by the Cornell Clinic, the Milbank Fund, the Commonwealth Fund, and by various state and privately endowed university schools of medicine. The Julius Rosenwald Fund, of Chicago, has also announced its intention of entering the field.

Under the circumstances, it is inevitable that there will be dislocations and readjustments in the practice of medicine, which is now carried on mainly on a highly individualistic basis. The Chicago Medical Society feels, and perhaps rightly, that it is approaching a crisis in its affairs, and its reaction is the instinctive one of self-preservation, as evidenced not only by the expulsion of Dr. Schmidt but also by its consistent attitude toward anything which tends to disturb the *status quo*. A short time ago, an effort was made to organize the physicians of Chicago on a basis of uniform charges of ten dollars a visit and five for an office consultation, with certain guarantees against competition. This enterprise was similar to the organization of the dyeing and cleaning business, the public garage business, etc., which have led to internal wars and racketeering. The Chicago Medical Society had to take prompt action, and to use all the influence of its prestige and solidarity to defeat the new trade union.

Undoubtedly, its leaders feel that it must yield a certain protection to the rank and file of the profession, and that to preserve the organization it cannot ignore the challenge of institutional medicine. At the same time the public has a vital interest in the problem of the costs of medical care, and, in the end, the public interest must and will be served. It may not be out of place to remind the Chicago Medical Society that men of the type of those whose sense of public interest led them to organize the Public Health Institute are trustees of hospitals in which physicians are permitted to operate for fees. It is easily conceivable, if the Chicago Medical Society definitely places the financial interests of its members above those of the public, that institutions founded to serve the public will build up their own staffs as the medical schools are doing, and that the advantages of hospital practice may be withdrawn from private practitioners—in short, that membership in the Chicago Medical Society may be declared inconsistent with the public good.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Spring Barriers

Barbed fences sag in outcast grain,
Red paint-brush smokes at stony close,
Green tendrils on cliff-boulder train,
Thorn-white, the canyon blossomed rose.

Root-lashed upon dark windy ledge,
Blue lupin drags with heavy pod,
Stray hair-bells at the lonely edge
Of rock beyond the gardens nod.

Within deep locust shade, bees hive
Weed-honey of the dusty field;
Gnats under sandy willow drive,
Moth-early, silver bud is peeled.

Grass runs beneath the hare's wild feet,
Hedge-rodents grit in bramble hole;
Wind-fire tracked thorugh pathless wheat,
Earth burns the crevice-gusty mole.

LINCOLN FITZELL.

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College as It Might Be

The following article is the prize-winner in The New Republic's contest for college undergraduates and recent graduates on the subject, "College as It Might Be." Some of the other essays submitted were also of exceptional interest, and will be published in future issues of The New Republic. A large number, in fact, were sufficiently interesting, so that the judges—Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Dean Max McConn and Dr. Robert Morss Lovett—had great difficulty in coming to their decision.

Mr. Howard Jay Graham, the successful contestant, is a graduate of Whitman College, now at the University of California, at Berkeley, Cal.

SELDOM do even nicknames achieve the laconic perfection of Dr. Meiklejohn's reference to us collegians as "Young Barbarians." The barbarian has always been a restless, energetic, imaginative and bewildered individual. He has been the pilgrim, the pioneer—the Youth of History. And conversely, youth is ever the pilgrim, the pioneer—the Barbarian of the Present. Youth, thus conceived, will no longer have to plead for understanding and appreciation. His hope and vitality will entitle him to a hearing.

Indeed, we young barbarians are a perplexing lot. And yet we are not altogether unpromising and hopeless. We come to college with a feeling that the good life is a combination of artistic, intellectual and economic activity. We are tantalized by a longing for "culture" no less than we are haunted by a craving for financial success. However, in college we find that the Greek Ideal has degenerated into four years of acquiring grades and other charms necessary for the capture of the sheepskin diploma—that Golden Fleece of the Twentieth Century.

But is it any wonder that we are led astray? Culture is vague and foreign to the majority of us, brought up on Sunday comics, movies and Saturday Evening Posts, in drab and smug middle-class homes. Truly we are "intellectual barbarians"; but to say that we are "intellectually predetermined" or to infer that we are incapable of education is not only to revive wholesale a deadly Calvinism, but to deny as well the happier aspects of our national prosperity.

It also raises the question "incapable of *what kind* of education?" Surely, we refuse to take seriously much of the old scholasticism, but that is no reflection upon our intelligence. In this highly specialized industrial world, education can no longer be regarded as the memorizing, during fixed times and in fixed places, of the largest possible mass of departmentalized knowledge—unless we are to remain a nation of superficial adolescents, fascinated by our machines and dominated by our technicians. Education must become "the continuous reconstruction of experience." Such a concept emphasizes the importance of regarding new situations and unsolved problems rather than kernels of wisdom as the grist for the student's intellectual mill. It also implies studying these problems in their many phases and aspects; it involves collecting all available facts and then analyzing them in an attempt to discover their meaning; and finally, it demands the testing and applying of this assembled knowledge.

This is nothing more than a restatement of the educational philosophy of James and Dewey, whose theories are now generally accepted. But as if to prove our point, the accepted, familiar theories remain unapplied to college. Dewey is praised by hundreds of lecturers and text authors throughout the land, with the result that thousands of students flunk education courses because their common sense tells them that such often-repeated statements as "Modern educators agree with Dewey that 'education is synonymous with growth and living'" are false.

To summarize our criticism of college: It misjudges us soda clerks, newsboys, shoe-salesmen's sons and preachers' daughters. Our equipment consists solely of enthusiasm, ambition, energy and intelligence. The vast majority of us have never acquired reading habits or cultural background. Yet the present liberal-arts college endeavors to transform us into scholars and gentlemen. As if the task alone were not stupendous, fantastic means of achievement are adopted. We are exposed for four years to lectures on Plato and Popular Astronomy, to courses in Roman History and Contemporary Poetry. This scrambled mass competes for our attention in a world of high-pressure salesmanship, football and aircraft. The result is that we come to regard "courses" simply as harmless inoculations leading to the all-important intellectual vaccination mark—the A. B. degree. But this medicinal degree-course system is far from innocuous. It inevitably penalizes the conscientious, thorough student while rewarding the text- and note-memorizer. It makes for excessive departmentalization at the expense of integrated knowledge and coherent thinking. In attempting to "orient" us it defeats its own purpose, not only because the sources of stimulation are too foreign and remote, but also because the stimuli themselves impinge upon us so rapidly that we have no time to make adequate in-

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tellectual responses. Consequently most of us are stricken with a sort of intellectual paralysis which shrivels our enthusiasm and saps our vitality.

The problem of reconstructing college seems to me to be largely one of abandoning the degree-course system in favor of one more truly educational. The degree must be junked because it tends to become the object rather than the symbol of our quest, and as such it warps and skews the entire educational process. Like the lecture system, it is a vestige of the medieval college—of a day, we suppose, when scholars were truly "bachelors" in monasteries. At any rate, it is one of the academic relics which may well be dispensed with.

In place of the course system I propose an intensive searching study by each student of some problem, field or institution in which he is interested. For example, the fundamentals of both heredity and socialism are now superficially studied in a dozen of the average undergraduate's courses, yet at Commencement he is fortunate if he is able to say "Gregor Marx was a German priest who discovered the Communist Manifesto while experimenting with sweet peas." Would it not be better for the student to study the institution of socialism in all its aspects—its history, philosophers, economy and conception of human nature—pausing here for an inspection of the rival armies under Generals Wiggam and Watson? Surely, Mendel and Marx would not be so easily confused after such a study. Under this method the emphasis would be upon seeing a thing as wholly and clearly as possible. The student would cover less territory, but he would explore it more thoroughly. He would finish not with a bird's-eye view of a continent, but with a map of a state.

Obviously, many questions arise regarding the application of this principle. Can it completely supplant the course system? Is orientation necessary before the student can attack a problem or a series of problems? The answers to these questions must be determined experimentally. But anyone familiar with the present system will not take seriously the objections that education under the new plan would be "fragmentary," "narrowly specialized" and "lacking in background," for it would more than make up in depth what it lacked in area. It would offer the student a better opportunity to regard the satisfaction of his intellectual curiosity as the supreme good. Furthermore, it would enable him to learn how to satisfy that curiosity, *i. e.*, to acquire a study technique, thus providing a master-key to the Halls of Knowledge, rather than a hurried glance into each room. Once he acquired these things, he would not be apt to stop learning.

One of the greatest advantages of this kind of study—assuming as a necessary corollary small study groups and intimate contact between students and instructors—would be the opportunity to make education a truly coöperative enterprise. Although the whole structure of modern civilization rests upon the intelligent coöperation of specialists, we have not yet begun to organize our colleges so that students may learn to think and act together. However, if each student were engaged primarily in an intensive study of a problem, he would soon arrive at a place where mutual criticism and a pooling of intellectual resources would be both necessary and welcome. For example, a study of Roman public works would be of interest and benefit to students specializing in modern civic planning as well as to majors in history and architecture.

In the end, therefore, the students would acquire more than a new attitude and a new technique. A careful coördination of study projects would also enable them to assemble collectively and to assimilate individually more knowledge. Facts would cease to appear as separate, insulated strands; they would become the common property of a group of weavers voluntarily working together. Education would thus consist of learning by participating in the benefits of coöperation.

In the new college the instructor would correspond to the director of a research foundation or the leader of a scientific expedition. He would coordinate the collected material, point out overlapping interests, raise questions, and direct further systematic attacks on both individual and collective problems. Such an instructor would necessarily be a vital factor in ensuring the success of this plan. But there is no reason why the professor of the old tradition might not surprise us and seem human and interesting, provided he were asked to come down from his lecture platform and direct informally an attempt to make education a perpetual seminar based on a conception of thinking and learning as social processes. Then, perhaps, he might be able to put into practice one of William James's maxims which he has so long applauded, namely, "no reception without reaction; no impression without correlative expression."

I am fully aware of the tremendous obstacles in the way of such a program of reconstruction. Yet it is not economically impossible. More efficient use of even the present facilities would help much. Few realize the amount of time, money, energy and eyesight now wasted by professors in preparing and dictating lectures, by section leaders in conducting large and cumbersome discussion groups, by readers—those most pitiable and degenerate academic parasites—in grading blue books. But even though this dead loss were turned to good account, more instructors and tutors would be necessary. Intimate personal contact between students and faculty is one of the first requisites of any educational institution.

The Swarthmore honors plan, the Harvard tutorial system and the Wisconsin Experimental College all impress us as admirable reforms tending to informalize and intensify college training. They show a growing tendency to consider each student as an individual, to adapt the course of study to his needs and interests, to stimulate his curiosity,

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and to develop his initiative. However, the two former plans are narrowly limited in their application. The real young barbarians are seldom honor students or sons of Harvard. They are "C" students in the state universities and newer colleges. Not until these institutions follow the example of Wisconsin and begin to break up their huge classes will we have an opportunity to realize the intellectual possibilities of the first-generation collegian.

But even the Wisconsin experiment, while more radical and far-reaching, seems to me to have one shortcoming that might possibly limit its general application. With the devotion of his first year to a study of an ancient civilization, the modern barbarian might become overawed rather than interested by a world so apparently irrelevant and remote. Athens is too far from Gopher Prairie. However, we believe an intelligent use of the study project might solve this difficulty. To take an example, the farmer's son, interested in agriculture, could well be given an opportunity to capitalize scholastically his admirable fortitude. After he had compared and contrasted the ancient and modern agricultural systems he would be better able to branch off into the related fields, for he would begin to perceive their significance.

In conclusion, we do not reject the ideal of the liberal education. We desire to make it a fact. We believe this can be done by making our vital, practical interests the looms upon which we learn to weave our intellectual materials into an ever-growing, variegated pattern. If, in this manner, we are unable to make education a lifelong process of growth and development—and failing in our task, see the masses of men still condemned to ignorance and drudgery—then we may concur in the pessimism of our gloomy Deans. But meanwhile our lot is to strive and hope—remembering that when we lose faith there will be another youth, unbroken by defeat, who will refuse to concede that the achievements of the past are more than the faintest hint of the possibilities of the future. . . . And did not the Barbarians conquer Rome?

HOWARD JAY GRAHAM.
University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

The A. S. N. E. and Its Ethical Code

THE American Society of Newspaper Editors is made up of "editors-in-chief, editorial editors" (a phrase which somehow suggests Mayor Hylan's classification of "art artists") "and managing editors having immediate charge of editorial or news policies of daily newspapers in cities of not less than 50,000." I quote from the Society's constitution, which further describes the purposes of the organization as being "to promote acquaintance among its members, to develop a stronger professional *esprit de corps,* to maintain the dignity and rights of the profession, to consider, and perhaps establish, ethical standards of professional conduct, to interchange ideas for the advancement of professional labors, and to work collectively for the solution of common problems.

Despite the singular interpolation of the word "perhaps" in this statement of ends sought, the very first act of the society was to adopt a code of ethics—"Canons of Journalism" it is called—and to give it the widest possible publicity. It is a most eloquent, rotund, resonant, all-comprehending code, long enough to serve as a party platform and comprehensive enough to enable the editors of the Chicago Tribune and of the Boston Transcript to sit side by side in the atmosphere of professional virtue which it creates.

The Code sets forth canons under the following headings: Responsibility, Freedom of the Press, Independence, Sincerity, Truthfulness, Accuracy, Impartiality, Fair Play, and Decency. Under the first of these headings is set down the incontrovertible assertion that: "A journalist who uses his power for any selfish or otherwise unworthy purpose is faithless to a high trust." Under Independence it is asserted that: "Promotion of any private interest contrary to the general welfare, for whatever reason, is not compatible with honest journalism." Despite these high-sounding principles, it was found impossible to discipline in any way the owners of a paper who were shown to have used its columns, prior to the unveiling of the Teapot Dome scandal, to procure money from the beneficiaries of that raid upon the government oil reserves. Not only was it then shown that the Society was impotent to enforce its canons of journalism, but it declared that fact in the seventh of these canons in the following words: "Lacking authority to enforce its canons, the journalism here represented can but express the hope that deliberate pandering to vicious instincts will encounter effective public disapproval or yield to the influence of a professional condemnation."

In brief, therefore, the Society had made no arrangements to enforce its canons of journalism, no provision for the discipline of gutter practitioners. It does not even provide for their exclusion from the society of the ethically elect. When this fact was made clear a year ago, a constitutional amendment was drawn to correct this situation. At the meeting last April it was voted down by a majority vote, although a two-thirds vote would have been necessary to give it effect.

It is true that the amendment as presented did

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not specifically name offenses for which discipline could be imposed. Drawn by the Hon. John W. Davis, the attorney for the Associated Press, it provided in Section Two that:

> The board of directors shall have power, either upon their own motion or upon complaint submitted by one or more members of the society, to examine into all violations by members of the code of professional ethics or of other rules and regulations of the society, or disgraceful conduct on the part of any member such that his further connection with the society might injuriously affect its good name and dignity. In all such cases it shall be the duty of the board to cause an investigation to be made. If the board, after due notice and hearing, shall find that such violations or misconduct have occurred, it shall have power in its discretion, to censure, suspend or expel the offending member. The action of the board in the premises shall be final and conclusive.

That the rights of the accused might be the more completely protected, the amendment further provided that actual expulsion could only be ordered "upon an affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the directors."

The debate on this issue was brief, and participated in by but four members of the Society. Those opposed to amending the constitution, so as to put teeth in the code, argued that by so doing the Society would itself be establishing such a censorship of the press as that against which all newspapers protest. It was claimed that punishment inflicted upon members would be unjust, in that it would be disciplining an employee for acts often ordered by the owner of the paper. As one of the speakers asserted: "Any violation of ethics is the work of an institution. We cannot convict a newspaper in this Society, we have no right to do it. We cannot find any individual editor guilty of a violation of ethical conduct, because you cannot fix the responsibility upon a single individual in an institution and hold that individual responsible for what it may do." The plea of the chief advocate of the amendment was that the members of the Society had "a right to say who shall sit with us. We have a right to determine whether a man who has used his newspaper for the purpose of holding up an oil company for huge sums shall be a member of this organization entitled to all its privileges and its honors. And yet, as you all know, three years ago when a case rose in this country which shocked the journalism of the United States and of the whole world, with the utmost desire to discipline the individual responsible for these nefarious practices, we found, after a year or more of investigation, that the Society was absolutely without any power to purge itself of the membership of this utterly unfit associate." And he further urged that a penalty imposed upon an employee would be a direct rebuke to the offending paper which, as the Society grew in strength and influence, few newspaper owners would care to incur. After the briefest of debates the amendment was defeated.

What construction is to be put by the public upon this action? This is the only national organization of newspaper editors competent to pronounce upon questions of ethics. The Associated Press, and the Newspaper Publishers' Association, are business organizations wholly. A lonesome ethic would not be recognized should it come groping its way through the somewhat turbid atmosphere of their meetings. But the Society of Newspaper Editors was, presumably, built of more ethical stuff. A cynical and perhaps amused public might comment that it is for a code of ethics but against its enforcement. Such a verdict is, however, certainly premature, and, I hope, unjust. It is quite incredible that this action of the Society should stand. A too tender and trusting confidence on the part of the promoters of the amendment in what they thought to be the unquestionable merit of their cause led to neglect of the preliminary spade work which the outcome showed to have been necessary. Moreover, while the Society numbers more than 200 members, the total vote on the amendment was less than sixty, and the adverse majority only three. It obviously follows that on an issue of such importance to the good repute of American daily journalism, a more representative expression of professional opinion should be sought.

Brief consideration of the wholly inadequate debate has a certain importance. Many speakers insisted that journalism is in no sense a profession, and hence its practitioners could not be bound by any enforceable professional ethics. The Society's constitution, and its ornamental code, declare otherwise, but for the moment the constitution was nothing among friends. Any parallel between the Society and the Bar Associations or Medical Societies was rejected, and with some reason. But the point was overlooked that expulsion from these organizations deprives the individual of his opportunity for earning a livelihood by either law or medicine. Expulsion from the Society of Newspaper Editors would merely be a notification to the culprit that its members found association with a blackmailer or a bribe-taker not at all to their taste. Much was made by the opponents of the amendment of the allegation that it was an invasion of the freedom of the press. Yet I am hardly willing to believe that the most ardent advocate of that freedom will assert that it confers upon a newspaper editor liberty to commit disgraceful, even criminal offenses, and still retain the right to sit in friendly session with the honorable gentlemen who compose that Society and edit many of our most influential newspapers. Yet today the Society is powerless—by its own decision—to expel the blackest criminal who might have found his way into its membership.

This is an indefensible, an intolerable situation. But public judgment should at least be withheld until a better organized presentation of this question shall be made at the next meeting of the Society.

WILLIS J. ABBOT.

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The Documents in the Mooney Case

THE essential facts in the case of Mooney and Billings, who have spent thirteen years in prison for a crime of which they were convicted by perjured testimony, are not complicated. Most of them are contained in a few brief documents, which The New Republic publishes below.

The first of these, chronologically, is the report on the case made by the special mediation commission appointed by President Wilson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 16, 1918.

THE PRESIDENT:

Agreeable to your instructions, your Mediation Commission, informally and without publicity, inquired into the circumstances attending the Mooney case, and herewith begs to report the result of its investigation.

1. On July 22, 1916, while the San Francisco preparedness parade was in early progress, an explosion occurred on one of the city's side streets filled with paraders and the public. Without question, the explosion was murder designed on a large scale and its purpose was effectuated. Six people were killed outright and about forty were wounded, of whom three or four subsequently died. Indisputably a most heinous crime had been committed. The identification of its perpetrators alone had to be established.

2. The community was deeply stirred. Aggressive activity was at once taken by the police department, and the press was filled with clues and theories for the solution of the tragic mystery. No premonitory acts furnished a clue, except that a number of letters were mailed, prior to the parade, to prominent citizens and leaders in the movement for the parade, threatening destruction if the parade be undertaken. These letters undoubtedly had a common source. They all avowed pacifist purposes of threats of violence against such manifestations of "militarism" as a preparedness parade was conceived by them to be. The public authorities, however, did not deem these letters significant and the identity of their writers has never been established.

3. The police and the district attorney turned for explanation to a different quarter. Arrests were made of Thomas J. Mooney and his wife, Rena Mooney, Warren K. Billings, Israel Weinberg, and Edward D. Nolan.

4. The antecedents of these five persons, particularly Thomas J. Mooney, have occasioned the war importance of the case. Mooney at the time of his arrest was a well known labor radical on the Pacific coast. He associated with anarchists. He was a believer in "direct action" in labor controversies. He had once been indicted for attempted dynamiting of property of a San Francisco utility, but after three trials was acquitted. In the spring of 1916, Mooney and his wife were leaders in a bitter and unsuccessful fight to organize the carmen of the United Railroads of San Francisco. Only shortly before the preparedness parade explosion it was sought to connect Mooney with the recent dynamiting of towers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. In a word, there can be no doubt that Mooney was regarded as a labor agitator of malevolence by the utilities of San Francisco, and that he was the special object of their opposition. Mrs. Mooney, a music teacher respected by a wide circle of pupils, was sympathetic with his general social views. Billings, a youth touched by radical propaganda, was one of Mooney's friends. He, too, was a believer in "direct action." He had been previously convicted of carrying explosives on a passenger car. Weinberg, whose son was a pupil of Mrs. Mooney, was a jitney bus driver who had occasionally driven the Mooneys. Nolan was a radical labor leader of some prominence and a friend of Mooney's. Mooney is the center of the case; the other defendants have significance only because of relation to him.

5. The utilities against which Mooney directed his agitation, or who suspected him of mischievous activity, undoubtedly sought "to get" Mooney. Their activities against him were directed by Swanson, a private detective. It was Swanson who had engineered the investigation which resulted in Mooney's prosecution. It was Swanson who was active in attempts to implicate Mooney in the dynamiting of the electric towers in 1916, attempts which failed, it appears, because Billings and Weinberg refused offers of "reward" by Swanson to implicate Mooney. Shortly thereafter the preparedness parade explosion occurs. Immediately Swanson took a leading part, now acting for the district attorney and the police, in the investigation of the crime. Within four days, under Swanson's leadership, the arrest of Mooney and the others is made.

6. Instead of an ordinary criminal case, or even a case of extraordinary interest, there thus emerge the elements of a clash of forces of wide significance. On the one hand, a community long in the grip of bitter labor struggles is outraged by peculiarly wicked murders. Accusation is made against a group whose leader has been widely associated with views which justify violence at least in industrial conflict. The public mind was therefore easily aroused to belief in the guilt of the accused. The attitude of passion was stimulated by all the arts of modern journalism. It is not surprising, then, that Billings and Mooney were tried in an impregnating atmosphere of guilt.

On the other hand, just as Mooney symbolized labor for all the bitter opponents of organized labor, so he came to symbolize labor, irrespective of his personal merits, in the minds of workers and of their sympathizers. "The Mooney case" soon resolved itself into a new aspect of an old industrial feud instead of a subject demanding calm search for truth.

7. Billings was tried first, undoubtedly in the hope that the pressure of conviction would lead him to im-

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plicate Mooney. He was convicted. His conviction has been sustained. He has been sentenced to life imprisonment. He has not implicated Mooney and he protests innocence. Mooney was tried early in January, 1917, and in February, 1917, convicted of murder in the first degree. Mrs. Mooney was tried and acquitted. Weinberg was recently tried and acquitted. Nolan has never been put to trial.

8. The convictions of Billings and Mooney followed trials in accordance with the established course of American procedure. It is familiar to students of jurisprudence that no system of criminal administration in the world hedges such safeguards around an accused as does an American trial. The conviction, in other words, was based on evidence narrowly confined to the specific issues. Furthermore, proof of guilt had to be established beyond a reasonable doubt, and established to the unanimous satisfaction of a jury of twelve persons selected from among the people. Conviction by an American jury is guilt determined by a very democratic institution. There is no question but that the jury acted in good faith upon the evidence as it was submitted. It is because of subsequent developments that doubt is based upon the justice of the convictions. Following the trials of Billings and Mooney there was a change in the evidence which not only resulted in the acquittal of Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg, but also cast doubt upon the prior convictions of Billings and Mooney.

Thus it is that the evidence submitted on the four trials taken together, aimed as it was at the establishment of a single issue, their joint participation in the crime, leaves the mind in the greatest uncertainty as to the complicity of the accused. While each record in itself presents evidence which would justify an appellate court in sustaining the verdict of a jury, the evidence of the four cases in their entirety must shake confidence in the justice of the convictions. This is due to the dubious character of the witnesses, the subsequent revelations concerning them, and the conflict in the testimony of the same witnesses as the need for change in the testimony developed to fit new theories of the prosecution or new evidence by the defense. But it was not deemed the province of your commission to establish the guilt or innocence of Mooney and his associates. We conceived it to be our duty merely to determine whether a solid basis exists for a feeling that an injustice was done, or may have been done, in the convictions that were obtained, and that an irreparable injustice would be committed to allow such conviction to proceed to execution.

9. We find in the atmosphere surrounding the prosecution and trial of the case ground for disquietude. This feeling is reinforced by one factor of controlling importance. The most damaging testimony produced against Mooney came from a witness named Oxman. It was Oxman who testified with convincing detail to the presence of Mooney and Billings at a place and at a time where it was essential for them to have been if proof of their participation in the crime was to be established. After Mooney's conviction there came to light letters confessedly written by Oxman prior to his having been called to testify. The plain import of these letters is an attempt by Oxman to suborn perjury in corroboration of the vital testimony which he was to give and which, in fact, he did give against Mooney. It is true that Oxman was tried for attempted subornation of perjury and acquitted, but this is beside the present consideration. The fact is that he did write letters which tend completely to discredit any testimony he might give and no testimony from Oxman in the light of these letters would receive credence necessary to lead to conviction. In fact, after the exposure of Oxman, the district attorney did not call him, though available, as a witness in the trial of Mrs. Mooney. When Oxman was discredited the verdict against Mooney was discredited.

10. As soon as the Oxman letters were disclosed, the judge who presided at Mooney's trial called upon the attorney-general of California to take steps toward a retrial of the case. We quote from Judge Griffin's letter to Attorney-General Webb:

"As you will at once see, they [the Oxman letters] bear directly upon the credibility of the witness and go to the very foundation of the truth of the story told by Oxman on the witness stand. Had they been before me at the time of the hearing of the motion for new trial, I would unhesitatingly have granted it. Unfortunately the matter is now out of my hands jurisdictionally, and I am, therefore, addressing you, as the representative of the people on the appeal, to urge upon you the necessity of such action on your part as will result in returning the case to this court for retrial. The letters of Oxman undoubtedly require explanation, and, so far as Mooney is concerned, unquestionably the explanation should be heard by a jury which passed upon the question of his guilt or innocence. I fully appreciate the unusual character of such a request coming from the trial court in any case, and I know of no precedent therefor. In the circumstances of this case, I believe that all of us who were participants in the trial concur that right and justice demand that a new trial of Mooney should be had in order that no possible mistake shall be made in a case where a human life is at stake."

The attorney-general asked the supreme court that, in view of the Oxman exposure, the case should be returned to the trial court for a new trial. The supreme court, however, under the laws of California, found itself without jurisdiction to consider matters outside the record. The case is now before that court on appeal, to be disposed of solely on errors appearing from the record of the trial. If the supreme court should find error, reverse and grant a new trial, the relief the situation needs would be provided. If the supreme court finds that the record discloses no reversible error, and therefore confirms the conviction, the relief will have to be supplied through the executive action of the governor of California, and the coöperation of the prosecuting officers.

11. Such relief it is hoped will be forthcoming. It is now well known that the attention to the situation in the East was first aroused through meetings of protest against the Mooney conviction in Russia. From Russia and the western states protest spread to the entire country until it has gathered momentum from many sources, sources whose opposition to violence is unquestioned, whose devotion to our cause in the War is unstinted. The liberal sentiment of Russia was aroused, the liberal sentiment of the United States was aroused, because the circumstances of Mooney's prosecution, in the light of his history led to the belief that the terrible and sacred instruments

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of criminal justice were consciously or unconsciously made use of against labor by its enemies in an industrial conflict.

12. However strange or however unexpected it may be, the just disposition of the Mooney case thus affects influences far beyond the confines of California, and California can be depended upon to see the wider implications of the case. With the mere local aspects, with the political and journalistic conflicts which the case has occasioned, neither the commission nor the country at large is concerned. But the feeling of disquietude aroused by the case must be heeded, for if unchecked, it impairs the faith that our democracy protects the lowliest and even the unworthy against false accusations. War is fought with moral as well as material resources. We are in this war to vindicate the moral claims of unstained processes of law, however slow at times such processes may be. These claims must be tempered by the fire of our own devotion to them at home.

13. Your Commission, therefore, respectfully recommends in case the Supreme Court of California should find it necessary (confined as it is by jurisdictional limitations) to sustain the conviction of Mooney on the record of the trial, that the President use his good offices to invoke action by the governor of California and the coöperation of its prosecuting officers to the end that a new trial may be had for Mooney whereby guilt or innocence may be put to the test of unquestionable justice. This result can easily be accomplished by postponing the execution of the sentence of Mooney to await the outcome of a new trial, based upon prosecution under one of the untried indictments against him.

Respectfully submitted,

W. B. WILSON,
Chairman.
J. L. SPANGLER,
E. P. MARSH,
VERNER Z. REED,
JOHN H. WALKER,
FELIX FRANKFURTER,
Secretary and Counsel.
MAX LOWENTHAL,
Assistant Secretary.

Six days later, President Wilson wrote his famous letter to W. D. Stephens, at that time Governor of California, pleading for another trial for Mooney.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 22, 1918.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR STEPHENS:

Will you permit a suggestion from me in these troubled times, which perhaps I should feel hardly justified in other circumstances?

The suggestion is this: Would it not be possible to postpone the execution of the sentence of Mooney until he can be tried upon one of the other indictments against him, in order to give full weight and consideration to the important changes which I understand have taken place in the evidence against him?

I urge this very respectfully, indeed, but very earnestly, because the case has assumed international importance, and I feel free to make the suggestion because I am sure that you are as anxious as anyone can be to have no doubt or occasion of criticism of any sort attach itself to the case.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

Captain Duncan Matheson, of the San Francisco Detective Bureau, who, acting innocently and in good faith, helped to assemble the testimony against Mooney, expressed his present view on the case in the following letter to Mooney in prison:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
January 25, 1924.

MR. TOM MOONEY,
Box 31921, San Quentin, California.

DEAR SIR:

Complying with your request of recent date for a letter to be used in an application for a pardon respecting your trial and conviction on the charge of murder for which you are now incarcerated in the state prison, I respectfully submit as follows:

I was specially detailed in charge by the late Chief of Police D. A. White to investigate the Preparedness Day Parade explosion which caused the death of several of our well known citizens and the injury of many others. It is needless at this time to give any details connected with the explosion.

The question involved is, whether or not you, as one of the defendants in said case, received a fair and impartial trial, as provided by the constitution and the laws of the land, and whether or not you were deprived of your rights by being denied a new trial on what subsequently developed concerning the testimony of witnesses in the case, particularly that of Frank C. Oxman for the prosecution.

Your motion for a new trial was denied by the highest court in this state, for whom I have the very highest regard, because it was without power to act in the matter as requested by the attorney-general.

Frank C. Oxman was one of the strongest witnesses for the prosecution and there cannot be any doubt about the profound impression his testimony made, not only on the court, but on the jury as well. Probably I did not hear all his testimony, being called out of the courtroom during part of his examination, and from the portion I heard it was a revelation to me and marvelous in detail. Cross-examination failed in every particular to break down his story.

After what developed regarding his conduct, his desire to connect with one Rigall and the letters that were subsequently produced in relation thereto, I was then convinced as I am now that it was not only unreliable, but a romancer, pure and simple, and ready to bolster up his story by any means within his power, and having no person in sight, fell back on Rigall, a questionable character who was far away from the scene of the crime.

I was firmly convinced that Oxman should have been prosecuted for attempted subornation of perjury and acted accordingly and notwithstanding his acquittal, I firmly believe now as I did then that he was guilty as charged.

Another witness, John McDonald, came to the fore during the investigation and testified for the prosecution and later admitted that he was improperly influenced and committed perjury. He would have

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been arrested if he made that admission under oath.

That being true, I am convinced beyond any question of doubt that your rights were violated and that you were entitled to a new trial, and fully concur in the opinion of the trial judge and the attorney-general. This is not possible now, because of legal limitations and your only available relief is executive clemency, to which I am convinced you are fully entitled.

After all, the sanctity of the courts and the rights of a fair trial stand over and above any offense that may be committed, regardless of the enormity thereof. Because that is the very foundation of our government and therefore must not be trespassed upon.

Respectfully submitted,
DUNCAN MATHESON,
Captain of Detectives.

Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who presided at the Mooney trial, has been unceasing in his efforts to obtain justice since he learned that the testimony was perjured. On November 14 of last year he wrote to the present Governor of California, Mr. C. C. Young, as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
November 14, 1928.

HONORABLE C. C. YOUNG,
Governor of California,
Sacramento, California.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

When you discussed the Mooney case some weeks ago with a group of citizens at Berkeley you told us that until then you had believed Mooney and Billings guilty of the Preparedness crime. Some days afterward when you sent a message to the State Federation of Labor at Sacramento you said again that you believed them guilty.

I believe that you are as anxious as any other citizen of California to see justice done to these two men and will give serious attention to the documents in behalf of their pardon. Because I believe that, Governor Young, I am asking you—before you make your final decision—to let me know what evidence has led you to believe that Mooney and Billings really committed the crime for which they were tried and convicted and are now in prison.

The thing that happened on Preparedness Day twelve years ago was a terrible crime, but I am sure that you will consider it a terrible crime to keep in prison two human beings who were most unfairly, even criminally, convicted—and that you will wish to give those who believe there has been a miscarriage of justice every opportunity to meet any doubt of their innocence that you may have.

Any fair-minded man who reads only the transcripts of the trials of Mooney and Billings would believe them guilty. If the testimony in these cases was honest and true then their guilt was conclusive. But subsequent revelations damned every witness who testified before me against them as perjurious or mistaken. Estelle Smith has admitted her testimony was false. The Edeaus were completely discredited. Oxman is completely out of the case as a perjurer who also tried to suborn perjury in another witness. John McDonald has since sworn to an affidavit that he knew nothing about the crime. The transcript evidence upon which Mooney and Billings were convicted *no longer exists.*

And because it does not exist, the trial judge (myself), the foreman of the Mooney jury, eleven members of the jury, the present district attorney, Captain Matheson, who had charge of the case, and every other official—except District Attorney Ficker—now believe the convicted men innocent and are earnest advocates of their pardon.

About these facts, Governor Young, there can be no two opinions, and I believe you must base your belief in the guilt of Mooney and Billings upon other evidence not known to me. At your earliest convenience will you let me know what that evidence is? I would like the privilege of considering it because I feel a deep sense of responsibility in this case and I may be able to help in this profoundly important matter. I urgently request you to give me whatever added information you may have in an early reply. I am,

Very truly yours,
FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN,
Judge, Superior Court, Department No. 5.

I have asked these citizens who attended the Berkeley meeting as well as a number of others who are intensely interested in the Mooney case to sign this letter with me. Their names follow: Jacob Nieto, Rabbi of Temple Sherith Israel; Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco; Edward L. Parsons, Episcopal Bishop of California; W. N. Burkhardt, Editor, The News; Wm. V. McNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury; Fremont Older, Max Stern, Frederick W. Clampett, Franklin Hichborn, Mildred J. Pollock.

Finally, here is a letter to Governor Young, written by Milton U'Ren, who acted for the District Attorney's office at the time of the petition for a new trial for Mooney:

February 11, 1929.

HONORABLE C. C. YOUNG,
State Capitol,
Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR GOVERNOR YOUNG:

When I was in the District Attorney's office in San Francisco, it became my duty to represent the State in a proceeding entitled, "Petition for a writ of audita querella," initiated on behalf of Thomas J. Mooney, and having for its purpose the obtaining of a new trial for him.

This proceeding came on for hearing before Honorable Harold Lauderback, Judge, then presiding in Department 11 of the Superior Court, and occupied many days. It became necessary for me to go thoroughly into the history of the Mooney case and I did so. While I was satisfied that this writ did not lie and that Mooney could obtain no relief through the proceedings initiated, I became thoroughly convinced of the fact that he was the victim of a miscarriage of justice. These proceedings developed the fact that Oxman, the principal witness against Mooney, was not in San Francisco on the afternoon of the Preparedness Day Parade, and in fact did not leave Woodland until after two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. Therefore, it was conclusively dem on-

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strated that he did not and could not have seen the things that he testified to having seen.

While these matters were demonstrated beyond a question of doubt, yet the law was quite plain that Mooney was without remedy in the courts of law. However, it did not follow from this, and does not follow, that he is wholly without remedy. Our Supreme Court has declared that in such cases the Constitution of our State has provided a remedy through the pardoning power of the Governor of the State (See People vs. Mooney, 177 Cal. 642). To my mind this decision holds that under the circumstances which exist in the Mooney case; *i. e.*, when a convicted person has exhausted his legal remedies in the courts and thereafter it develops that he is innocent, the pardoning power of the Governor becomes a part of the judicial machinery of the State to enable the person so unjustly convicted to obtain his freedom. In other words, I do not believe that under the peculiar facts of the Mooney case, an appeal for a pardon on behalf of Mooney is merely an appeal for mercy, but upon the contrary is an appeal to our Super-Supreme Tribunal established by the State Constitution for the purpose of setting aside judgments unjustly and unlawfully obtained in the Courts of Law.

Therefore I believe that the application in behalf of Mooney for a pardon now pending before you should be decided strictly upon the ground of his legal rights. He has been tried before a jury and found guilty; thereafter a motion for a new trial was made upon his behalf and denied; thereafter an appeal from said judgment and order denying his motion for a new trial to the Supreme Court was affirmed. By and through these proceedings he has exhausted his remedy in the Courts of the State. After these Courts had exercised their jurisdiction and exhausted their power, the matter was brought before the Superior Court in and for the City and County of San Francisco, upon the petition for a writ of "audita querella," and there demonstrated beyond a question of doubt that the defendant Mooney had been convicted upon perjured testimony. If this discovery had occurred within the time allowed by law for the hearing of the motion for a new trial, the trial judge would unquestionably and unhesitatingly have granted a new trial. It was only by reason of the delay in uncovering this perjury that Mooney was deprived of a new trial by the Superior Court. The Supreme Court having decided that the Courts have exhausted their power and lost jurisdiction, the matter has now come before you upon a petition for a pardon and you have been asked to rectify this terrible wrong. In view of the demonstrated fact that Mooney was tried and convicted unjustly and upon perjured testimony, I respectfully submit that you should not hesitate to rectify this wrong as nearly as you can do so by issuing a full pardon to him. Of course such a pardon will not restore to him the wasted years that he has spent in the penitentiary, but it will at least be one step toward rectifying the terrible wrong inflicted upon this "Sergeant Grischa of America."

Everything that has been said in this letter applies likewise to Warren K. Billings.

Sincerely yours,

MILTON T. U'REN,
Attorney.

Academic Freedom in Pittsburgh

COMPARED with some Pennsylvania corporations, the University of Pittsburgh is a liberal employer. Employees of a big steel company who campaigned for Al Smith were discharged; teachers at the University of Pittsburgh who did the same thing were merely "advised" that their action was impolitic. So it was something of a shock, even to local residents, when the University, on May 2, expelled two students, William Albertson and Arthur G. McDowell, and discharged a graduate assistant, Frederick E. Woltman, as a result of their liberal activities.

The students were respectively Chairman and a member of the Liberal Club's executive committee of five. This club was recognized as a university institution and its speakers had always been approved in advance by a committee of faculty advisors. The authorities became uneasy when Pat Toohey, then a member of the Save-the-Union group of the United Mine Workers, spoke a year ago at the Club's seminar on coal; and when Scott Nearing gave a series of lectures under the Club's auspices just off the campus last winter, the posters announcing the event were banned from the university bulletin boards. Early in April, a member of the Club heard that the university employment agency had supplied students to break a strike, without telling the students that a strike was on; and the Executive Committee of the Liberal Club passed and issued a resolution condemning the university employment agency.

At the same time the Club was arranging a meeting on Mooney and Billings. Albertson, McDowell, and Michael Harrison of the International Labor Defense were announced as the speakers, and a permit was secured in the regular way for a meeting in a university hall. But when the handbills announcing the meeting appeared, demanding unconditional release of Mooney and Billings, the university authorities decided to call a halt. The registrar notified the Secretary of the Liberal Club that the permit was revoked, and the Dean of Men requested McDowell, Albertson, and the former President of the Liberal Club, Harry Weiss, to appear at his office at 3:30 P. M. on Monday, April 22. This was the exact time and date for which the Mooney meeting had been announced.

The Liberal Club, nothing daunted, went ahead

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with its plans for the meeting. Barely three hours before the meeting was scheduled to begin, Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College, member of the National Mooney-Billings Committee, in Pittsburgh for a brief visit, was added to the list of approved speakers. The meeting assembled at the room originally announced and found the door barred by the assistant to the Dean of Men. It then adjourned to the steps of Thaw Hall, on the campus, where Albertson introduced Professor P. W. Whiting of the Zoölogy Department as chairman of the meeting, and left to keep his appointment with the Dean. Professor Whiting introduced Professor Barnes, who had spoken only a few sentences when the Dean of Men arrived with his assistant and requested the meeting to leave the campus. It moved to a vacant lot across the street, and from the running board of an automobile Professor Barnes, followed by Woltman and Harrison, addressed a crowd of about one hundred people.

Albertson, McDowell and Weiss meanwhile were hearing the riot act read by J. Steele Gow, Executive Secretary of the University. The Liberal Club, according to Gow, had erred and erred grievously, first, in releasing its resolution on the employment agency; second, in arranging a propagandist meeting. The University had tried to be patient with the Liberal Club, and in spite of "bushels of protest" had exercised "more toleration than they thought they had"; but "the limit of endurance of the University's patience was at an end." If the Liberal Club continued its controversial activities it would be dissolved, and any students who persisted would be dismissed. The Club was in fact dissolved two days later, before it had had an opportunity to convene and hear its officers' report.

Two days after its official death the Club met again, on university property, and this meeting, presided over successively by Albertson and McDowell, was dissolved by the Dean of Men. On Thursday, May 2, following a meeting of the Board of Trustees, the two students were curtly informed that they had been dismissed from the University. Frederick E. Woltman was discharged at the same time. Two days later the Governor of Pennsylvania signed the bill making an appropriation for the University of $1,200,000. This sum was $200,000 larger than usual in view of the University's building program—*i. e.*, its new thirty-nine-story home, now half-completed, the lot for which, valued at $2,000,000, was contributed by the family of Mellon.

The university authorities, who up to the time of the expulsions had preserved silence on the whole subject of the Mooney meeting and the Liberal Club's activities, gave a statement to the press explaining the dismissals. In this statement, Chancellor John G. Bowman said: "The issue was that the club, with its president known as a Communist, aided by organizations or individuals outside of Pittsburgh and in Pittsburgh, was using the name of the University to advance its propaganda and publicity." Thus the Club (said the statement) had gone outside its purpose, which was, according to its constitution, "to conduct open-minded investigations of pressing social problems." Woltman was referred to as a student and charged with joint responsibility for the affair of the meeting.

Woltman was in fact a graduate assistant and thus ineligible to membership in the Liberal Club. His case was quite different from that of the students. Beginning over a year ago during the coal strike, a little group of Pitt teachers has carried on extremely active work in defense of civil liberties in western Pennsylvania. Last fall a local branch of the American Civil Liberties Union was organized under their leadership, a club which included respected Pittsburgh pastors and business men. Woltman was secretary of the branch and the spear-head of its attack. The authorities have never openly censured the activities of its faculty members in reference to the civil liberties fight. However, public utterances from faculty members on subjects such as the coal strike, the state police, and the coal and iron police, have been discouraged, to put it mildly. After the Mooney-Billings meeting, Woltman had released to the press detailed accounts of the way this mild discouragement had taken place with reference to himself, giving names and dates. At the same time, the Pittsburgh Press (the local Scripps-Howard newspaper) secured from unnamed sources the history of numerous other cases in which public expression of opinion on the part of Pitt faculty members had been prevented. For example: a professor had been scheduled to speak over the radio on the Pennsylvania Tax Commission; this talk was cancelled on the ground that the university appropriation was hanging fire in the legislature, and a talk on Lincoln was substituted. Woltman also testified to the timorousness of the authorities when the appropriation was not definitely signed for. The Press condemned the University roundly in numerous editorials.

Woltman's removal has been widely protested, and the national American Civil Liberties Union is seeking through the courts reinstatement of the two students, both of whom are honor men working their way through college. Their summary dismissal was apparently carried out in a manner contrary to the University's own rules and regulations. When the attorney for the Civil Liberties Union called on the Chancellor in the matter, he was referred to a certain lawyer who was described as the university solicitor. It develops that this lawyer has been dead three months. The attorney does not think that he was being invited to visit the nether regions.

HORACE B. DAVIS.

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Washington Notes

AT THIS TIME, the Washington air is filled with the cheap bleating of the blatherskites in House and Senate who are trying most unsuccessfully to conceal their sectional avarice over the tariff, and to hide the ignorant insincerity with which they face the question of farm relief. The shrill feminine cackling concerning the momentous issue of where Charlie Curtis' sister, Dolly, shall be seated when she is invited out to dinner is, therefore, momentarily muffled. For this slight relief there are at least a few doddering old birds like myself who feel devoutly grateful. The clatter, however, has so confused and beclouded the actual facts that a quite widespread misconception of the real situation exists. Some of our most erudite and profound "ambassadors of the people," as the oratorically inclined among the newspaper correspondents like to designate themselves, have, with a slight touch of hysteria, rushed in what seems to be the wrong direction.

For example, you find some of the most stalwart of the Republican organs carrying feverish despatches about the defeat of Mr. Hoover on the debenture plan and predicting the passage of a tariff bill in which the schedules will have been revised upward so outrageously high that the Democrats will be given a winning issue for the congressional campaign of next year. The Democratic and so-called independent press go much farther—speak gleefully of the loss of Hoover prestige, of the breaking of the party pledge, the revolt among Republicans, the certainty of a collapse of the administration's program. Without in the least desiring to bolster the fortunes of the harassed Herbert, and solely in the interests of preserving a proper sense of proportion, I merely remark that to me this idea of the humiliation of Herbert is considerably premature—not to say half-baked.

I may be afflicted with political astigmatism, but the truth as I see it is that Herbert, at this time, is in about as fair a way of getting approximately what he wants from this extra session, and avoiding getting what he does not want, as anyone not unduly optimistic has a right to expect. While our ears are ringing with the racket kicked up by those who oppose him in both branches, this may seem an absurd view to take—but look at the facts. In the first place, there are two bills before this session—the farm-relief bill and the tariff bill. The farm-relief bill was passed by the House in exactly the form Mr. Hoover wanted. It was passed by an overwhelming vote. By an overwhelming vote, the debenture plan was rejected. In the Senate, by a combination of thirty-four Democrats, some of them reluctantly whipped into line, and thirteen insurgents, or progressives, the debenture plan was put in the bill.

It is conceded that a considerable number of Senators who voted for the plan would not have done so had they not been certain it could not become law. So far as I know, no one in the Senate or out of the Senate capable of any judgment at all believes the House will accept the debenture plan, and I have heard no one who does not think that the House will prevail over the Senate in the conference committee, where the real test of strength occurs. This being the case—and few will dispute it—what becomes of the idea of a Hoover defeat on farm relief? The fact is the Senate vote strengthened the Hoover position. Four-fifths of the Senate debenture backing is Democratic. The plain facts of the situation all point to an easy Hoover victory on this issue, though, of course, it will not be achieved for a considerable number of weeks, not until after much more drum-beating and buffoonery in the Senate by the shoddy humorists of the Johnson-Carraway type.

As to the tariff bill, the situation there is, of course, different, but not, as I see it, any blacker for Herbert. Concede—and I do—that the bill as it came from the House Ways and Means Committee is an indefensible and outrageous one, that the Committee has completely failed to resist the greedy tariff lobbyists with whom Washington has been infested for weeks, that it violates the Republican promise of "limited revision," that it is well calculated to create resentment among our foreign friends and reprisals from the Argentine and Canada. Concede in addition that the Senate, by further increases in the schedules, will still more add to the offensiveness of the bill, and then concede that the Senate will have its way on this measure in conference with the House, and that the bill will finally go to Mr. Hoover in a form extremely distasteful to him. Suppose, then, that he vetoes it—and those of the inner Hoover circle say he will—what, in that event, is his situation? He will have his farm-relief bill, creating his farm board with unprecedentedly great powers and control over a huge sum of money, but without the debenture plan, the equalization fee or any other feature to which the banking fraternity and the power-trust newspapers could apply those dreadful words "economically unsound," so often used with disastrous effect by the stand-pat element in control to sink a progressive proposition from the minority.

Of course, there would be no tariff bill at all—and the farm-relief promise, which included increases designed to put "agriculture on the same basis as industry" would be only half kept. But the country would applaud the veto of such a tariff bill. Congress will meet in regular session in two months after the close of the extra session, and it will have been taught a lesson as to the futility of general revision upward with Hoover in the White House. It is inconceivable that, in its second attempt, the obvious stupidity of a repetition of the same tariff tactics should not prove a deterrent. It is incredible that the same tariff lobby should try the same game so soon again. It is reasonable to think that if tariff legislation fails altogether at this session—and such is the prospect—the sort of bill to be passed in the next will be the sort a self-respecting President can sign.

Of course, this view of the direction in which things are headed may prove wholly wrong. The overwhelmingly Republican House may make a complete ass of itself by permitting the Democratic-Insurgent Senate combination to force it to swallow the debenture plan it spurned. And Hoover, like Taft, yielding to the pressure of party leaders and party contributors, may sign a tariff bill with a shamed face and an aching heart. These things do not, however, seem likely to me.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Follies

The Grand Street Follies of 1929. Booth Theater, May 1, 1929.

The Little Show. The Music Box, April 30, 1929.

THE 1929 edition of the Grand Street Follies is both better than last year and not so good. I recall last year's show with a gayer memory, but out of this year's certain spots that give me more pleasure to think over. The high spots in this current number are Miss Paula Trueman's "The Age of Innocence," "The Siege of Troy," as produced by David Belasco, Mr. Albert Carroll in "Cæsar's Invasion of Britain," as set to music by Mr. Noel Coward, "Serena Blandish at the Court of Louis XV," with Miss Paula Trueman and Mr. Albert Carroll, "Paul Revere's Ride," as produced by Jed Harris, and the dancing pixies of Miss Mae Noble and Mr. James Cagney. Of these I take first the burlesque of "The Age of Innocence," and after that the picture of Serena Blandish messing up her future at the court of France.

In these two pieces Miss Trueman and Mr. Carroll are excellent, Miss Trueman perhaps the more diverting of the two. This year, it would seem, she is to surprise us with her powers of impersonation. And in those numbers Miss Agnes Morgan's idea is as good as can be, delicious and witty, easy to comprehend, delightful to see expanded into stage terms—writer and impersonators fit together with wit and everything that we could ask by way of execution and *élan*. Mr. Carroll's Constance Collier has the right movement and the right upper tones and attack; the lower tones need pushing down to the right scrape and heaviness. "The Age of Innocence" to my taste is the essence of what a happy revue number may be. Miss Trueman, looking very charming, comes across the front of the stage, before the curtain, in a coiffure of the seventies and a red mantle highly reminiscent of Millamant's in the Duse Memorial. She is plainly bidding goodnight to a charming admirer, who has left in her little gloved hands a song to her beauties. With the rise of the curtain she is in her boudoir, and taking off the mantle of azalea red above a bodice, ruffle and Grecian Bend of blue satin; she is reading the *billet doux* and singing its lines, which are in the service of her hair, her eyes, her form, her lips, her vermeil cheeks, et cetera. She sings it line by line as she disrobes for the night. We see the dress come off, the pads depart from the lovely curves, the corset from the slender waist, the curls from the brow, the roses from the cheeks, the hair goes straight back, the cheeks are daubed with cold cream; the nightgown is gawky and plain prose, as she takes up her candle and sets out for bed.

In the Serena Blandish number, Serena in her determination to marry has the help of the Pompadour. Gallants appear but offer nothing, until one not selected by her protectress enters, and makes a rendezvous. Serena tells her secret to the Pompadour, it is the king, the dénouement is that of the play—Serena fails and is sent away. The men in this scene are fair, but the Pompadour via Constance Collier and the Blandish via Ruth Gordon are capital.

Mr. Carroll's Beatrice Lillie in the British Invasion is excellent in that vein that he perfected last season when he gave us Laurette Taylor; it is a superior form of impersonation in which the physical parallels are not so striking as the searching study of the mind of the actor; what goes on in this Early British head is very like what goes on in Miss Lillie's; and so the wit and savor of the impersonation remain delicious in the mind long after the curtain has fallen.

Miss Dorothy Sands, whose part last year in the Follies was sometimes so glittering, has less good chances this. Her Lenore Ulric as Helen of Troy is amusing and good, her Irene Bordoni seemed to please the audience greatly. But to a large extent her talent is unemployed, and giving her the Lillian Russell song at the very end of the show is unfortunate. She cannot sing well enough for an independent effect—Lillian Russell had a considerable voice—and, on the other hand, burlesque of Lillian Russell's singing it has no point, because neither Miss Sands nor most people in the audience can have much recollection of how that famous beauty sang.

The good places in this year's Grand Street Follies are so good that I find myself working on advice for the next few weeks, since, as everyone knows, the promoters of this enterprise go on perfecting it with passion and celerity.

Well, then—

The main shortcoming of the entertainment at present is a certain lack of happy ease, of a friendly, complaisant breeze, a blowing with the pleasant wind of humor and fantasy and good temper. This ensues partly from the inclusion of too many satires. Satire at best must shine and sting, dawdle and delight, be in itself amusing and fertile and rosy. It cannot depend too much on our knowledge of the thing satirized; and it wants to be sure either to satirize what is worth bothering about at all, or else to create something in itself so rollicking or cherishable that nobody cares what it smiles at or attacks. On the basis of these two arguments the number satirizing the Milne comedies disappears; Miss Sands' Mary Ellis is not good enough, Milne is not good enough, the number itself is not good enough; there is, in sum, not enough to engage us one way or another. The Nazimova number was even poorer. I am not fit to judge the Marx Brothers number, where the four of them arrive at Plymouth Rock. The lines might be better, the general idea is good. To me the Brothers in the flesh, except for Harpo now and then, are too boring for anything but careful and pointed satire.

Clearing out a good many of the burlesques, then, would help; there is no need to be so tightly concerned with the characteristics of such a host of theater instances, and no need to ask so much previous acquaintance of the audience with the stage universe or at least Broadway. And in the place of these numbers, there needs to come a scattering of pieces that are relaxed, amiable and droll, that develop themselves easily and pleasantly, or that in their performance are worked out with the care and detail that appears now in Miss Paula Trueman's Innocent Lady. Her Hope Williams, for instance, is extremely good, but so muddled up in complex threads, Arthur Hopkins producing, historical burlesque, Shakespeare, et cetera, that it demands the wrong sort of attention and scrutiny. Instances of mere happy personal presentations, of performances that are done *con amore* and relaxed, would be a great

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addition to the Follies. We could take, for example, the Waldorf number, a good idea certainly, and study it for more charm and leisure of development, more delightful whimsy and comment, more detailed and planned nuances and effects. We could have more pieces like the "Force and Montana," with Mr. James Cagney, a good member of the troupe who is not so well exploited this year as last, and Miss Mae Noble, who has a real theater wit and snap about her. This number is pure fun, the trim little figure of the man, in his long-tailed coat, the rotundity of the lady in her blue satin, her surprises at the tragedies of personal movement, her alarmed anticipations of the next whirl. The spots, in sum, then, where the Grand Street Follies of 1929 come off less well, and drop the level of the entertainment as a whole, are where the intention is too light and insistent, or the satire too dependent on the original, or the execution too lacking in detailed pains and good-humored leisure.

"The Little Show" will doubtless please its admirers by reason of its freedom from professional tinsel and cheap jokes and so on. I for my part found much of it a dull entertainment. I should prefer a few low, crass cracks if at the same time I might have the shine of higher lights than are apt to appear in this revue. Those quiet colors, that *Kunst* gray and blue, those up-to-date designings, seem to me to lack the bright edge of the theater—unless one likes them with one's head which says that we are tired of the old stuff, rather than with one's eye, which hungers for the whoop and shine. This goes through much of the performance in other respects. Even Mr. Clifton Webb turns his lights down to college pitch; I have never seen him so quiet and pleased with his own good taste. Mr. Fred Allen glows through it all, and with his curtain introductions, monologues and what not and his bits in the various numbers, is always good.

The Tiller Girls are a good deal on the stage and have their merits, doubtless, and there is a song about Hammacher Schlemmer that has a good theme. There is a riveter's song by Mr. Ernest Sharpe, with appalling words by Mr. Lew Levenson and worse music by Arthur Schwartz.

Mr. Fred Allen's "The Prize Winners," a story of deaf mutes interpreted by a monologist, is one of the two good things on the program, very funny in fact. The other good number is capital—Mr. George Kaufman's scene of well bred firemen and guests in a hotel that is afire. The performance of this piece, Mr. Clifton Webb's especially, is as good as the idea. No revue could show a better number.

I am not sure that a certain joylessness about this revue is not one of the things that endears it to some among its audience. They are spared even the bother of responding gaily—another democratic release from the necessity of being anything.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Ethics of Nullification

SIR: Professor Binkley's article does not place major emphasis on the "ethics" of nullification. No good is indicated which is attainable only—or even best—by nullification. Major emphasis is placed on the fact that there are discoverable contemporary acts of nullification; that, in Germanic lands, prior to the printing press, laws were amended somewhat informally; that in Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and Tudor days there were varying degrees of local autonomy in respect to legislation and enforcement.

But there is not a stream of unbroken continuity from Anglo-Saxon local autonomy to present-day nullification.

In Hampden's Case, in 1637, the legislative powers of Charles I were challenged, but the court said: "It is common and most true that rex is lex." But by 1690, Locke wrote: "The liberty of man in society is to be under no other legislative power, but that established, by consent, in the commonwealth. . . . Freedom then is not . . . a liberty not to be tied by any laws: Freedom of men under government is, to have a standing rule to live by, common to everyone of that society, and made by the legislative power erected in it. . . ."

Two important elements are here present which mark the trend of political thought: consent and universal application.

Blackstone approves Locke's statement and says, "But every man . . . obliges himself to conform to those laws which the community has thought proper to establish." (Here "community" denotes the legislative unit and does not contemplate local nullification.)

The break in the assumed continuity of nullification comes with the consciousness that the people are sovereign; that they make their own laws; that just government rests upon the consent of the governed. None of these ideas is found in Professor Binkley's medieval philosophy. He refers to "an unconsidered legislative act." He refuses to recognize that a legislature is representative of the local units in which the laws are ultimately enforced—or nullified. Nor does the consent of the governed mean the consent of all the governed. Even in Jefferson's time there were recalcitrants—Tories or what not—to whom no rights of nullification were granted by way of exception.

Professor Binkley knocks down the straw-man argument: "Since the law is what is enacted by the legislature, the legislature is the voice of the sovereign, and the sovereign cannot be guilty of self-contradiction." That, he claims, is the argument against his position and it is based on the Austinian theory of law. This is questionable, but, at any rate, Austin's greatest contribution to jurisprudence is said to be the imposition of categories which make for lucidity of thought.

When is nullification ethical and when is it unethical? Is the distinction to rest upon some intuitive differentiation? Or is it to be found in the fact that there are always many individuals whose interests run counter to law? Not everyone will refuse, with Thoreau, to pay taxes, for some social good results from a tax levy. But practically everyone resents protective tariffs. They work to the disadvantage of every traveler and every purchaser of imported goods. The only ones who can favor a protective tariff are the privileged industries and the doctrinaire adherents of the bookish theory of the tariff. Is smuggling, therefore, ethical? Is it an act of good conscience to outwit the customs officials? Should there be no attempt to enforce the customs laws except against those who believe in the tariff?

How can one who lives today make a plea for dissimilarity of law in practice, when every augury of the time bespeaks its impossibility?

Local autonomy may do very well for an age of local self-sufficiency. But with a constantly multiplying complexity of social relationships, the possibility of dissimilarity in the application of law approaches zero as a limit. Not only can there be no dissimilarity in the enforcement of identical legislation, but we face the necessity for making the legislation itself uniform.

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Nullification is not only archaic—it is unattractive. One who advocates rebellion and puts himself outside the pale of the protection of the law has something of the glamor of a Robin Hood or a Captain Kidd. But the nullificationist who reserves the right to disregard some laws while demanding the protection of others proclaims himself a political parasite without even the redeeming traits of the pirate.

ORVILLE S. POLAND,
Legal Department, Anti-Saloon League of New York.

New York City.

The American Language

SIR: If Virginia Woolf did not say in so many words that Americans were newcomers to the English language—many Americans certainly are—her remark about Henry James plainly implied that she thought it, consciously or unconsciously, and that this is the basis of her position.

I resided for several years in England and often engaged in linguistic discussions. The English made it clear to me that they deny to all English-speaking people outside their own "tight little isle" any part or lot in the shaping and formation of our common tongue which, though it is undergoing changes and modifications under their very noses, they regard as fixed and final, as no living language can ever be.

Also, there is a perversity, due to national prejudice, in regarding the vernacular of a character in an American novel as the ordinary speech of the people at large. The Americans are not guiltless of this attitude, and suppose that all English speak cockney and misplace their aitches.

If you call the attention of the English to the variants in their own country they will refer you to Oxford and Cambridge as their standards; but when Oxford and Cambridge differ, what is one to do? and heaven deliver us from the maltreatment that our noble tongue gets at Oxford, much of it based on a snobbish desire to differ from the common herd.

If one is to make comparisons at all, he must compare like with like, educated with educated; it is not fair to compare the uneducated of one country with the educated of another. When President Wilson was in England, the Manchester Guardian said of him that he spoke English like any English gentleman, except for occasional transatlantic idioms; and idioms peculiar to themselves must arise among peoples separated by many thousands of miles, and it behooves any broadly educated person to be tolerant of them whether they are English, American or Colonial.

My experience is that the educated American writes as good English as is written anywhere between Land's End and John O'Groats. I do not know any educated American who would use "different to" for "different from," nor "expect" where he means "suppose"; yet these are the uses of the English educated classes.

North Fond du Lac, Wis. HERBERT G. PURCHASE.

The Hebrew University

SIR: The World War has left us with a legacy of chauvinistic nationalism which makes the best of peace plans seem only so many academic exercises. Poland, Lithuania, Rumania, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia and the other nations of Eastern Europe are still at loggerheads over questions of territory and minority rights.

In view of this development, liberals everywhere will rejoice in the emphasis on culture as distinct from nationalism which the Jews have given in their return to Palestine. Not the least evidence of this is the vigor with which they have addressed themselves to the task of building a great and free university on Mt. Scopus, just outside of Jerusalem.

Last month marked only the fourth anniversary of the Hebrew University. Yet it has already six Institutes and a library of over 200,000 volumes. Moslems and Christians are admitted on the same basis as Jews. Scholarship and adequate preparation are the only tests. Encouraging, too, is the fact that the University has not addressed itself to glorifying the Jew and his role in history, but has engaged competent scholars from all over the world to study the civilization and culture of Arabs and other people of the Near East as well as of the Jews, and to carry on significant research projects in agriculture and in public health. Arabs have not been entirely friendly to Jewish efforts at colonization, but Arab students are already using the facilities of the University, scholarships are being provided for the study of Arab history and literature, and Arab scholars are to be added to the faculty. With Professor Albert Einstein as Chairman of the Academic Council, and Dr. Judah L. Magnes as Chancellor, the Hebrew University promises to blaze a path not only in scientific accomplishment but also in making the University a free place for the pursuit of truth regardless of the race, color or creed of faculty students.

New York City. LEO WOLMAN.

Equality of Wealth in the United States

SIR: Your Mr. C. Hartley Grattan, in his review of Faÿ's "American Experiment," takes the author severely to task for attributing equality of wealth to American society; and, *en passant,* he remarks, "It is an error into which Romier also fell." Whether or no Mr. Faÿ has made this error (I cannot say because I have not read his book), certainly Mr. Romier has not. I have read and reviewed for the press the latter's *"Qui sera le maître—Europe ou Amérique?"* before it was translated into English, and I know to what great lengths he goes to prove that there is no such thing as equality of wealth in the United States, that indeed less than 15 percent of the country's wealth is in the hands of the people, and that in a country like ours where politics, literature, art, etc., are subordinated to business, this can denote but one thing, a business aristocracy, *"une aristocratie d'affaires."* Mr. Romier has made himself altogether too clear on this point to warrant any misunderstanding.

New York City. MICHAEL FRAENKEL.

The Case of Governor Long

SIR: Twelve specific charges of blackmail, bribery, embezzlement, favoritism, oppression and "gross misconduct" have been filed with the Louisiana State Senate, and Governor Long's trial has been fixed for May 14, since your superlatively erroneous editorial of April 24. Knowing the limitations of your space and the probability that most of your readers are not much interested in our politics, I am confining this letter to correction of your impression that Long may be "persecuted," and your implication that Standard Oil had something to do with the proceedings. Here are the salient facts:

Long was in complete control of the legislature at the regular session, summer of 1928. During one of his emotional spasms at a public meeting in New Orleans, June 25, 1928, he boasted that he held the legislature like a deck of cards in his hands, and could deal the deck as he pleased. That was true. It was true again at a special session in December, 1928.

Long filled the pay-rolls with his henchmen, swelling them to lunatic heights, put all the state's purchasing in the hands of his allies, got several popular measures adopted, with vicious trimmings, and was as dominant in Louisiana as Mussolini in Italy.

He established a very high severance tax on oil. The refiners and well operators were helpless. I was astonished to see how little power they had. Long simply batted them right and left as he pleased.

He was later exposed in some serious misconduct. Unadvised resignations, drinking and dancing with women he himself described as "denizens of the underworld," ordering women stripped in search for money during illegal military raids on gambling houses. Some of his followers turned on him and fought him. He called a special session to divert attention from these matters. He proposed a ruinous "occupation-license or privilege tax" on oil refiners. We have twelve, with the Standard doing about 40 percent of the business. All the manufacturers in the state, and hundreds of other citizens, joined in the howl against this tax.

Then one "Battling" Bozeman, formerly Long's bodyguard, charged that Long had proposed the murder of J. Y. Sanders, Jr., a representative who was fighting him. Long tried to have this

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legislature adjourn, using some four or five maneuvers. He lost, and the impeachment proceedings followed. . . .

New Orleans, La. E. E. MOISE.

SIR: Your article entitled "Impeachment or Persecution in Louisiana?", in your issue of April 24, was certainly the clearest and most fearless, independent and impartial editorial comment that I have read concerning the gubernatorial situation in this state. There has been so much partisanship and rancor expressed in the columns of our united local press, that the real truth in the situation has not transpired. The result has been that the periodicals and reviews on this question from without the state have lacked accuracy and fairness, and have but reëchoed the political note which dominated our own local papers. . . .

Incidentally, you might be interested to know that the main charges upon which the impeachment against the Governor were based have been dropped and the only charges against him now are minor charges which were not mentioned at the time his impeachment was contemplated. LEON C. WEISS.

New Orleans, La.

Two Policewomen

SIR: In The New Republic for May 1, Mrs. Margaret Sanger in her account of the Birth Control raid accused Policewoman Mary Sullivan of standing in the clinic and shouting: "This is my party." In The Nation for May 8, Mr. Dudley Nichols, writing of the same incident, attributes this remark to Policewoman Anna K. McNamara.

Now to the reading public, a skeptical lot, a discrepancy of this sort means everything. If we are to believe that anyone was guilty of such odious conduct, then we should know definitely who; or at least we should not have doubts created by having the remark imputed to different persons. It were better to say merely that *a policewoman* made the remark.

But in the interest of justice and fair play, shouldn't the matter be cleared up? Surely we do not wish to thus stigmatize Policewoman McNamara if Policewoman Mary Sullivan were guilty and vice-versa. G. GIPSON LEWIS.

New York City.

SIR: The honors of the raid on the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau cannot be divided. Policewoman Anna K. McNamara was the decoy patient who applied for help at the bureau on March 22, stating she had three children, ages five, three and one. She returned on April 3, April 10 and April 15. On the last date, she came to ascertain if Dr. Stone and Dr. Pissoort were on the premises, and then went out and returned with Policewoman Mary Sullivan and seven plain-clothes men.

To the best of my information, it was Mary Sullivan who conducted the raid and who issued instructions. She insisted that the physicians and nurses be transported to the police station in a patrol wagon. "This is my party," she exclaimed, when our acting counsel protested against this indignity.

New York City. MARGARET SANGER.

Contributors

LEON TROTSKY, as we hardly need say, is the recently deposed and exiled leader of the Russian Opposition.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is the author of a volume of verse, "Granite and Alabaster," and has contributed reviews and special articles to The New Republic.

LINCOLN FITZELL is a Californian poet who has returned to this country after living in Europe.

WILLIS J. ABBOT is a Director of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and of the editorial board of the Christian Science Monitor.

HORACE B. DAVIS, an Amherst Memorial Fellow, is living in Pittsburgh, where he is completing a three-year research into the standards of living of the steel-workers.

A list of contributors to the Literary Supplement will be found on page 49 of the Supplement.

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The New
REPUBLIC

Second Spring Literary Section

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John Jay Chapman

I WAS writing lately about the relation of certain American intellectuals to the contemporary American world. It is interesting to follow, in this connection, the career of a man of an earlier generation than any of the writers I was speaking of —Eliot, Dos Passos, Mencken—and a man who may specially claim our attention because he has lately been much neglected. Almost everybody has at least heard of John Jay Chapman's "Emerson," and almost everybody is conscious of Chapman as an original and powerful personality; but, on the whole, he is little read by the present generation, who have no idea of his real importance.

The reasons for this recent neglect, as well as the reasons of Chapman's importance, will appear as we trace his history. "Emerson and Other Essays" was published in 1898: it had a considerable success, and it remains one of the most brilliant volumes of literary criticism ever written by an American. Three of the essays dealt with writers—Whitman, Browning and Robert Louis Stevenson—who were still great contemporary reputations, and dealt with them with such boldness and insight as is always difficult to bring to bear on contemporary reputations, and such as must have been, at that period, particularly rare. In spite of all the debunking of Stevenson, for example, which has been attempted in our own day, there has certainly never been any more searching diagnosis of the causes of Stevenson's second-rateness than Chapman's of 1898. There were also essays on the Fourth Canto of the "Inferno," on Michael Angelo's sonnets and on the character of Romeo; and the long study of Emerson. This book, like the volumes which have followed it, revealed Chapman as a literary critic of unique gifts among the critics of his generation. It has been true of Babbitt and More, for example, that for all their seriousness and their learning, they have been as short on esthetic appreciation as they have been long on moral ideas: they are perhaps primarily moralists, and they seem sometimes actually to be moved by a detestation rather than by a love of literature. There is always something of the schoolmaster about them; and the late W. C. Brownell shared with them a certain heavy critical professionalism. The thing that strikes us first about Chapman, however, coming from these other American critics, is his freedom from this schoolmasterish tone: he writes as a man of the literary world who has read widely for his own pleasure, and—what is even more important—as one who has not only loved poetry, but written it. It is certainly not Mr. Chapman's verse and plays which are the most valuable part of his work. We find

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in his blank-verse dramas, for all their antiquated tone and convention, the same psychological truth, the same penetrating sense of reality, which never seem to fail Chapman; and he has written a few really fine lyrics, especially when inspired by Hudson River landscapes. But he is a much greater essayist than poet—or rather, the true poet is in the essays, which put him not with Babbitt and More, but with Thoreau and with Emerson himself.

In the same year, Chapman published another book equally important in a different field. "Causes and Consequences" deals with the debasement of American politics and government by business interests. It begins with a pungent description of the gradual but complete domination of an American small town by a railroad which passes through it: this, Chapman finally lets us know, is a parable of the whole history of America since the Civil War. The first thing that strikes us about this book, and its companion, "Practical Agitation" (1900), is the same sort of thing that strikes us about Chapman's comments on Stevenson—that in their day they must have sounded revolutionary: this was before Roosevelt and the Progressive party, before Wilson and the New Freedom. Chapman was among the first battalion of political reformers and his influence upon political thought was at this time considerable. It was partly these two books of Chapman's which inspired Herbert Croly to write "The Promise of American Life" (1909), from which so much other writing took its source, including that of the magazine in which this article appears. Chapman's books mark the turning of the tide in the open discussion of the relations between American public life and business: I suppose that nothing so deep-going and outspoken had yet appeared at that time; and, in spite of the fact that many of Chapman's opinions have since become commonplaces, in spite of all the radical and liberal writing of the quarter-century between us and them, it is improbable that we have had anything better: these books have still the power to thrill us and rouse us. They still remain one of the profoundest, one of the frankest and one of the most uncompromising examinations of the realities of modern America which any American has written.

"The average educated man in America," wrote Chapman, "has about as much knowledge of what a political idea is as he has of the principles of counterpoint. Each is a thing used in politics or music which those fellows who practise politics or music manipulate somehow. Show him one and he will deny that it is politics at all. It must be corrupt or he will not recognize it. He has only seen dried figs. He has only thought dried thoughts. A live thought or a real idea is against the rules of his mind." And it is not merely political thought which has been corrupted by commercial interests, but also literature, education and social life. Chapman has never been surpassed even by Mencken in his hard-hitting criticism of the mediocrity and timidity of American intellectual life.

> We have seen that the retailer in the small town could not afford to think clearly upon the political situation. But this was a mere instance, a sample of his mental attitude. He dare not face any question. He must shuffle, qualify, and defer. Here at last we have the great characteristic which covers our continent like a climate—intellectual dishonesty. This state of mind does not merely prevent a man having positive opinions. The American is incapable of taking a real interest in anything. The lack of passion in the American—noticeable in his books and in himself—comes from the same habitual mental distraction; for passion is concentration. Hence also the flippancy, superficiality, and easy humor for which we are noted. Nothing except the dollar is believed to be worthy the attention of a serious man. People are even ashamed of their tastes. Until recently, we thought it effeminate for a man to play on the piano. When a man takes a living interest in anything, we call him a "crank." There is an element of self-sacrifice in any honest intellectual work which we detect at once and score with contumely.
>
> It was not solely commercial interest that made the biographers of Lincoln so thrifty to extend and veneer their book. It was that they themselves did not, could not, take an interest in the truth about him. The second-rate quality of all our letters and verse is due to the same cause. The intellectual integrity is undermined. The literary man is concerned for what "will go," like the reformer who is half politician. The attention of everyone in the United States is on someone else's opinion, not on truth.

What is one to do in such a world? The diagnosis of "Causes and Consequences" is followed by the practical program of "Practical Agitation"; but Chapman's practical agitation is of a peculiar and unexpected kind. As a result of his experience as a reformer, Chapman has ceased to believe in the possibility of organized political reform under the American conditions of the time. One of the most amusing and searching passages of "Practical Agitation" describes the absorption and the complete neutralization of a reform movement by the forces which it has set out to correct. The commercial solidarity of society has rendered organized reform impossible. One might expect such a man to turn Socialist, but Chapman is to follow a different course, which is to make him one of the most orignal and most interesting Americans of his time. He states his position in regard to Socialism as follows:

> The function of Socialism is clear. It is a religious reaction going on in an age which thinks in terms of money. We are very nearly at the end of it, because we are very nearly at the end of the age. Some people believe they hate the wealth of the millionaire. They denounce corporations and trusts, as if these things hurt them. They strike at the symbol. What they really hate is the irresponsible rapacity which these things typify, and which nothing but moral forces will correct. In so far as people seek the cure in property-laws they are victims of the plague. The cure will come entirely from the other side; for as soon as the millionaires begin to exert and enjoy the

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> enormous power for good which they possess, everybody will be glad they have the money.

Chapman is an individualist and a moralist. Here is his account of the situation with which the citizen is confronted:

> Remember . . . that there is no such thing as abstract truth. You must talk facts, you must name names, you must impute motives. You must say what is in your mind. It is the only means you have of cutting yourself free from the body of this death. Innuendo will not do. Nobody minds innuendo. We live and breathe nothing else. If you are not strong enough to face the issue in private life, do not dream that you can do anything for public affairs. This, of course, means fight, not tomorrow, but now. It is only in the course of conflict that anyone can come to understand the system, the habit of thought, the mental condition, out of which all our evils arise. The first difficulty is to see the evils clearly; and when we do see them it is like fighting an atmosphere to contend against them. They are so universal and omnipresent that you have no terms to name them by. You must burn a disinfectant.

And here is his call to arms:

> You yourself cannot turn Niagara; but there is not a town in America where one single man cannot make his force felt against the whole torrent. He takes a stand on a practical matter. He takes action against some abuse. What does this accomplish? Everything. How many people are there in your town? Well, every one of them gets a thrill that strikes deeper than any sermon he ever heard. He may howl, but he hears. The grocer's boy, for the first time in his life, believes that the whole outfit of morality has any place in the practical world.

Practical agitation is to be a matter of individual action, and it is to be dictated by a moral attitude.

> The economic laws are valuable and suggestive, but they are founded on the belief that a man will pursue his own business interests exclusively. This is never entirely true even in trade, and the doctrines of the economists become more and more misleading when applied to fields of life where the money motive becomes incidental. The law of supply and demand does not govern the production of sonnets.

But, "when you see cruelty going on before you, you are put to the alternative of interposing to stop it, or of losing your sensibility." And one can look to nothing but the individual conscience:

> If you want a compass at any moment in the midst of some difficult situation, you have only to say to yourself, "Life is larger than this little imbroglio. I shall follow my instinct." As you say this, your compass swings true. You may be surprised to find what course it points to. But what it tells you to do will be practical agitation.

Chapman's practical agitation is, then, a protest of the individual. And any adequate account of his career should include a record of his public acts. It should tell, for example, how at the time of the writing of his political books, he ran and wrote most of the contents of a political weekly, in which he attacked the pseudo-reform of Roosevelt and Seth Low; as well as how, at a later time, he hired a hall in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where a Negro had recently been burned alive, to hold a meeting of protest—or rather of confession of common guilt—in connection with this event—a meeting at which Chapman delivered one of the most moving and courageous of his addresses, but which was attended only by an old anti-slavery Negress and by a spy sent by the police. This history will some day be written; it is only possible for me here, however, to deal with Mr. Chapman's writings. And it is as a prophet and a sage rather than as an agitator that Chapman is to find his destiny. The solitary figure of Emerson is always to loom in the background of his mind. Emerson has been one of the great influences on his thought. It had seemed to him at college, he writes, "as if Emerson were a younger brother of Shakespeare. No book except Shakespeare's plays ever gave me such keen delight. I was intoxicated with Emerson. He let loose something within me which made me in my own eyes as good as anyone else." It was Emerson who first made it possible, he tells us, for him to say to himself: "After all, it is just as well that there should be *one* person like *me* in the world." And, in later years, at the time of his political activity, he is to write: "If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson."

Chapman is to become a true carrier-on of the intellectual tradition of Emerson. But there is a very important difference between Chapman's situation and Emerson's. Emerson was a New Englander, who, though a rebel against the society in which he lived, found at least in that society an audience able to read and appreciate him. But Chapman came at a later day, when the intellectual appetite of America was less eager and the literary taste less sound. Furthermore, he was a New Yorker: though he had been educated at Harvard and though he was bound to New England by ties of family—his grandmother had been an ally of William Lloyd Garrison's—he was obliged to operate in an environment even less hospitable to the philosopher and poet. He has himself, in his preface to the new edition of "Emerson," given the best account of the peculiar situation of the literary New Yorker.

> As I look back over the past, [he writes] the figure of Emerson looms up in my mind as the first modern man, and the City of Boston as the first living civilization which I knew.
>
> New York is not a civilization; it is a railway station. There are epochs of revolution and convulsion —times of the migration or expulsion of races, when too much happens in a moment to permit of anything being either understood or recorded. Such times have no history. They are mysteries and remain mysterious.

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> Such an epoch has been passing over New York City ever since I have known it. The present in New York is so powerful that the past is lost. There is no past. Not a bookshelf, nor a cornice, nor a sign, nor a face, nor a type of mind endures for a generation, and a New York boy who goes away to boarding school returns to a new world at each vacation. He finds perhaps on his return from boarding school that the street where he and his companions used to play ball is given over to a migration of Teutons. When he returns from college, the Teutons have vanished and given place to Italians. When he reaches the Law school, behold no more Italians—Polish Jews to the horizon's verge.
>
> The young person born in New York during the last quarter-century has been like a rat in a bag which the rat-catcher keeps agitating lest the creature's teeth get a purchase on the prison. The New York youth cannot be expected to get hold of any idea while the kaleidoscope is turning so furiously. He is numb and dizzy. He cannot connect his reading with his environment; for the books of the world have been projected out of quietude. They reflect stability, depth, relaxation, and all those conditions of peace and harmony which make thought possible. The youth, therefore, discards books as incomprehensible —foolish in fact. Education has for the time being lost its significance.
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> Now in Massachusetts there has been a consecutive development of thought since colonial times. Her links with the past have never been broken. The influx of new blood and new idea has not overwhelmed the old blood and old idea. There is in New England a traceable connection between the whole historic volume and stream of human culture—that moving treasury of human thought and experience which flows down out of antiquity and involves us, surrounds and supports us and makes us the thing we are, no matter how much we may struggle or how little we may understand.

There are certain advantages in coming from New England, but there are also certain advantages in coming from New York. Thoreau and Emerson have a flavor and color which have been derived from the Concord soil—a stronger flavor and color than Chapman. But the New England culture had its limitations: no one has ever criticized more accurately than Chapman the provinciality and rigidity of Boston. The New Yorker, if he lacks the raciness of New England, if he seems a little abstract, a little steely, is the man of a larger world: he has a kind of cosmopolitanism which the New England writers lack. John Jay Chapman is, in some ways, a better educated man than Emerson, just as Henry James was better educated than Hawthorne.

On the other hand, a New Yorker of the nineties with Chapman's abilities, integrities and tastes found himself in a difficult situation. It must have been even harder for him to get an intellectual foothold in, to establish a vital relation with the society about him than for the New Yorker of today. He is a peculiarly isolated figure; and as we follow Chapman's later career, this isolation is one of the things that strikes us. He illustrates more clearly and picturesquely than perhaps any other contemporary American the peculiar position in America of the man of high moral and intellectual standards who is unable to compromise with American life. Chapman is too violent, too fastidious and too honest to become either a popular writer or a successful politician. Like the younger writers whom I have mentioned at the beginning of this article, he has glanced off from the great wheel of American life, but he has not gone to Europe to live. He believes in sticking to his post in America. Nor does he stay at home to caricature his neighbors: he wishes his neighbors well. To his solitary position, he probably partly owes the unique freshness and independence of his point of view. It is not only his criticism of America which is original, but also his criticism of the world in general. Nine times out of ten he takes our breath away by going straight to the root of the matter, by breaking through all the conventions and pretensions with which the subject has been surrounded—as in his essay on Euripides, for example, he manages to approach Greek tragedy from a point of view independent of either German or British classical criticism (he says that the absorption of Greek literature by the scholarship of the English universities has been "part of the history of British expansion in the nineteenth century"). "He just looks at things," says William James in one of his letters, "and tells the truth about them—a strange thing even to *try* to do, and he doesn't always succeed." He doesn't always succeed because his very position of independence, his very enforced intellectual isolation, tends to make him a little of a crank. He throws himself into the study of the Civil War and writes a book on William Lloyd Garrison with what we feel to be an exaggerated emphasis on the moral issue of slavery, and he makes it clear in this very book that it is really the moral issue of business and industrialism, which he will not approach from the point of view of economics, which still worries and infuriates him. More lately he has tried to raise an issue with perhaps something of the same misplaced violence over the Roman Catholic Church.

And at the same time, in asserting the importance of the individual in a democratic world, in maintaining the point of view of the humanist in a world preoccupied with trade, Chapman has, in the long run, paid the penalty of being almost forgotten by that world. For twenty people who have read his "Emerson," there is probably hardly one who has read his later volumes of essays. Yet "Greek Genius," for example, published in 1915, which contains essays on Euripides, Shakespeare, Balzac, and the problems of expatriate Americans, is as rigorous and brilliant as his early literary criticism, and in "Letters and Religion," published only five years ago, the "style all splinters" of which William James wrote at the time of "Practical Agitation," has become an instrument of perfect felicity, limpidity, precision and point.

As we follow Chapman's later work, he does not

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let us down. His later books are, in fact, in some ways superior to his earlier ones, and we follow them with eagerness and in suspense as to where the thought of such a man will lead him. Obviously a man who might well have occupied a position of importance and power, he has been obliged to forgo power. He is thrown back and in upon himself, but it does not happen with him, as with many Americans who find themselves in the same situation, either that his energies are diverted from the field which he has originally chosen, or that with time he consents to accept compromises. His final phase is already indicated at the end of his book about William Lloyd Garrison. "At first we desire to help vigorously," he says,

> and we do all in our power to assist mankind. As time goes on, we perceive more and more clearly that the advancement of the world does not depend upon us, but that we, rather, are bound up in it, and can command no foothold of our own. At last we see that our very ambitions, desires and hopes in the matter are a part of the Supernal Machinery moving through all things, and that our souls can be satisfied and our power exerted only in so far as we are taken up into that original motion, and merged in that primal power. Our minds thus dissolve under the grinding analysis of life, and leave behind nothing except God. Towards him we stand and look: and we, who started out with so many gifts for men, have nothing left in our satchel for mankind except a blessing.

Like T. S. Eliot, he has become preoccupied with religion, and his position on this subject is an interesting one and at the opposite pole from Eliot's. Where Eliot has become an Anglo-Catholic, Chapman has ended up with the most extreme Protestant point of view imaginable. This point of view is set forth in "Notes on Religion" (1922) and "Letters and Religion" (1924). Every man is to interpret the Scriptures for himself. We are to depend not upon any Church but upon the religious instinct of the individual.

> Christianity accomplishes itself; and this not through a grand, frontal attack on humanity, but rather through the story and sayings of Christ which dart through the earth, pierce men's ears and heal them, run like elixirs through the languages and habits of men. They are couriers, arrows that live in the ether and need no inns or baiting-places between their flights. The sayings have inexhaustible meanings, and many depths of meaning which the comfortable people of the world cannot hope to fathom—meanings that lie in ambush in the texts, and enter men's hearts in the wake of grief. A man must have been disgraced and in jail to know many of them.

And he has faith in the religious instinct of mankind as a whole:

> I believe that if we could see the invisible church as it actually exists in the interlacing of all men in God and with each other through the force that makes them live, the alarm of those who are fostering religion for fear it will die out would appear ridiculous. Even the half-charlatan, half-illiterate American religious cults deserve our interest and respect.
>
> The new American mysticism, for all its eccentricities, dropped an anchor for a generation that had been living in continuous flotation; and being at anchor, the waves of life began to play against the souls of that generation, and beat them into faith. The breakdown of the older ecclesiastical authorities proved a blessing. All the barriers, the interpretations, the shopworn catechisms, the churchy miasmas of many centuries, had been blown away, and the bare text of the New Testament began to convert a new generation and to bring them rest. The new faith was purest in the most humble, as has been the case with all Christian revivals.

Chapman believes, furthermore, it appears, that we are on the eve of a general religious reawakening.

> Who shall say that this present era, when all the idols are broken, all the great traditions dead, and the fine arts have become mere wandering lights, while the mind of man seems to have passed into a tunnel of transition—who shall say that these apparent extinguishments and this twilight are not necessary? Our present incredulity as to all the explanations of life is very favorable to a direct vision of life itself. The floods have carried away our mills, and a thunderstorm has destroyed the wiring of our houses; but the powers of gravity and electricity are not abolished for a moment. The contrivances on which we had set so much store served but to obscure the phenomena. Like Job in the wreck of his homestead, we have been humbled. The war humbled that spirit which had ruled the nineteenth century. In scale the drama differed from the Book of Job, but in plot it was similar.
>
> In the meantime, though the arts have lost their message, religion stalks in upon us. The auld wives' tales about prayer and healing, which during many centuries had been regarded as ecstatic parables, are now taken literally: we live in them. This tunnel into which the age is running is one of the clairvoyant periods of history, in which men are seen as trees walking. The actual world does not disappear, nor is it relegated to a life to come, or disparaged, or condemned as evil. It remains perfectly real, and yet visibly penetrated by the rays of an inner universe which are at play everywhere.

And when we first read him on this subject, we find that we are unable to share his hopes. We ask ourselves where he sees the evidence of anything describable as a general religious movement. It seems to us that we cannot hear the wings which beat so plainly in Chapman's ears—we cannot believe, as Chapman would have us, that many other people hear them. The only thing of which we are plainly aware is a greatly gifted and indomitable individual of a singular spiritual authority, who, in a society where it is peculiarly difficult for taste,

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courage and faith to survive, has shown how a single man may preserve them. Yet we recognize the world he writes of—it is the world we have to reckon with, too. And we, too, have our hopes about it. Perhaps Chapman's hopes and our own have, after all, something in common—and perhaps he has seen deeper than we.

I have done Chapman scant justice here. He should be studied more carefully and at full length, but in the meantime, what is most important is to have his essays made accessible. Most of his books are out of print, and many were published by a publishing house which is no longer in existence. We should have a collected edition of Chapman. Perhaps no writer of his generation has dealt at once so realistically and with so much clairvoyance with the modern American world, and has in consequence so much to say to the younger generation. If his books were reprinted and read, we should recognize that we possess in John Jay Chapman—by reason of the intensity of the spirit, the brilliance of the literary gift and the continuity of the thought which they embody—an American classic.

EDMUND WILSON.

Ghost-Work

Labels and Libels, by Dean Inge. New York: Harper and Brothers. 262 pages. $2.

Generally Speaking, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 291 pages. $2.50.

THESE two books, one by an exalted ecclesiastic of the Anglican Church, the other by a distinguished layman in the Roman Catholic community, are as poor testimonials to the power of religion to reconcile one to daily life as the most old-fashioned secularist could wish. For the one bickers at his age, and the other flees from it. One would not, however, place the two writers on the same plane in any matter except despondency. For when G. K. Chesterton shows signs of pleasure (and there are some excellent pages of gusto in this volume) one can take it for granted that he has seen something beautiful, or kind, or funny; but when those of us who are acquainted with the work of Dean Inge look at the snapshot of Dean Inge with a smile on his face which the shrewd Messrs. Harpers have put on the wrapper of "Labels and Libels," and wonder what made him smile, our first guess would be the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. He did in fact rebuke Mr. H. G. Wells for regarding that event; and if he had not, he has given a multiplicity of proofs that that type of incident is what he really approves and enjoys in life. There are very few things of which England has more need to be ashamed than the prominence it has given to this extraordinary priest whose opinions are usually such that one hardly believes he was ever christened, much less ordained. So much out of place is he in the Church that when, a year or two ago, I published an article exposing some of the grosser of his adventures in social mischief-making, the papers which chiefly deplored my action were the free-thinking journals. There has never been a writer more at war with all the virtues traditionally associated with Christianity. By the silliest sort of Lathrop-Stoddardism, he does what he can to encourage the vice of pride in certain races by alleging their inherent superiority and leading them to make those gestures of contempt toward others which lead to wars. He is as bitter an enemy of peace: for he loves to talk that sort of unscientific balderdash about the unfit (in one of his essays he commits himself to the statement that half the population of England and the United States is feeble-minded), which makes the selfish jib at the civilized person's obligation to help in the maintenance of the sick and defective members of the community. He has passages in this book alluding to the wretched men who have been forced by history into social parisitism on the dole and have actually to some degree deteriorated, which is as unlovely as the snapping of a pampered pet dog at a pariah.

But it would be difficult to exaggerate the mischievous part he has attempted to play in these difficult post-war years, when it has been of the highest importance that all classes should see each other's point of view and not fall into habits of mutual distrust and vilification. Some estimate of it can be guessed from the phrases that he has from time to time applied to the persons responsible for the advanced Labor movement. "A large number of degenerates . . . imbecile, neurotic, half-insane or chronic invalids . . . psychopaths . . . all these cherish a sullen and maniacal hatred against the social order . . . the people of the abyss, criminals, loafers, wastrels . . . leaders are often brilliant men with a fatal moral and mental twist really insane, but with a frightful method in their madness. . . ." If anybody imagines that this is one of those cases of generalized ferocity which softens to good sense when faced with the particular, let them turn to the passages in his book "England" which express fury because our country tried other methods than the sword. The present volume makes an advance on these other volumes in that it contains few direct indictments against the Christian virtues; but it has several highly discreditable passages in it, such as the Ku Klux Klan attack on Roman Catholicism, and the sneers at the L. C. C. schools (which represent such magnificent work on the part of an underpaid profession that they should excite reverence and gratitude in any decent-minded Englishman), and the underlying impulse is the same animus against peace and good will.

It is, however, a book which Americans would do well to read, in order that they may understand why it is that the English who are loyal to their national tradition find the kind of American Toryism which has its home in New England peculiarly un-English and unattractive. Englishmen see that Dean Inge is a thoroughly unsafe guide for the people. They see that he has been able to get a certain following through his connection with their age-old institution, the Church of England; for there are many people in England who will still read an article with respect simply because it is written by the Dean of St. Paul's. They see that Dean Inge was able to get a footing in the Church because he has a certain place in society which he had acquired by birth: his father was a clergyman, who was able to prepare him for Eton, and from there he followed a road which led through ordination and classical scholarship to his present eminence. They see also that, though this state of affairs has presented them with the unwanted gift of Dean Inge, it has given us a great many things which a sane man might not only want but read. It is good that people should respect scholarship and it is good that persons who can pass such exacting tests as those required of scholars should be encouraged to have their say, since there is a sporting chance that their general ideas will be above the average. These facts are no

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stultified by the fact that, through the accident of some of Dean Inge's faculties outstepping the others, they have enabled him to darken public counsel. They therefore decide to retain the social system as it is, but to safeguard themselves by allowing the freest possible criticism of individuals, so that if there is unworthiness it shall be exposed. People who disagree with Dean Inge are not debarred from doing so even if they are radicals, and it is not even felt that there is an obligation for persons of the possessive class to hang together and abstain from criticizing him because he is one of themselves. Quite recently a body of perfectly respectable citizens organized a protest against Dean Inge's language concerning the American debt, and no one regarded this as treachery to their class.

We are so convinced that we must allow this free criticism of individuals, if the institution in which they play their parts is not to be infected with rottenness and fall to pieces under a public onslaught, that a society which does not take this precaution seems to us not conservative at all, but a machine for producing ultimate anarchy. Realization of these fundamental truths is what accounts for G. K. Chesterton's greater cheerfulness. There is a deep-seated serenity in him that rounds off his jokes, that gives them the satisfying quality of the whole-hearted. It is impossible not to gurgle helplessly when, in a grave description of the historians who insist on an exclusively economic interpretation of their material, he says: "Sometimes it is suggested that William the Conqueror rode bareheaded before his battle-line because he thought it would relieve a temporary trade depression; and that Harold got killed because his sound Saxon sense told him that getting killed is a good business proposition." But it is the book's very strange defect that, though it conducts itself as if its aim were to comment garrulously on topical events, it has actually no relation to anything that anybody has been doing in England for the last ten years. It amuses us when he says: "I confess I have never been quite able to understand what was meant by saying that such-and-such a popular story *is* a solar myth or a culture myth or something else other than it appears to be. . . . Does it mean that all the people who told a story about a hero and a beautiful princess were thinking about the sun and the moon, and not about the man and woman? This would seem to indicate an earnestness of astronomical interest, and a preference for serious scientific studies over lighter and more sentimental subjects, which is too rare in an experience of human nature." But we are disconcerted when he represents himself as thus controverting "a modern German professor"; for surely no professor, German or otherwise, has babbled of solar myths during the lifetime of this generation. And we are further disconcerted by the knowledge that if a real modern professor had tried to explain to Mr. Chesterton, by the work that has been done on association, what modicum of truth there was in the solar-myth theory, he would certainly put his fingers into his ears and run away.

He is no exception to the rule which holds good at the moment that no English writer who was eminent before the War has the slightest value as an interpreter of his country today. They were all too old to make the necessary adaptation for understanding it. This is curious ghost-work they do now. But at least in Mr. Chesterton's work one gets a wholesome survival of the national tradition. If there is nothing of the English present here, there are some pleasant aspects of the English past.

REBECCA WEST.

Labor and Internationalism

Labor and Internationalism, by Lewis L. Lorwin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 682 pages. $2.50.

MR. LORWIN is already well known as one of the first of living scholars who devote themselves to the study of Labor. His latest book is worthy of his high representation. It is a careful and detailed narrative of the activities of international labor since 1914. To the student, it is literally indispensable, because there is no other volume which covers the field. Amsterdam, Moscow, the I. L. G., the R. I. L. U., the Christian Federation, the new I. M. W. A., on these, and a variety of other semi-mysterious bodies, Mr. Lorwin with patient accuracy lavishes the same skill in analysis that he has given in the past to French and American syndicalism. Only those who have had themselves to piece together the evidence out of which a continuous record can be made, who know, too, how difficult it is to discover evidence in the field, can appreciate the effort that has gone into its compilation. Mr. Lorwin deserves real gratitude for the completion of a very difficult task.

The result, let it be said at once, is disappointing. Not, of course, in the sense that it was not worth doing. But what Mr. Lorwin reveals is a complex web in which any pretense to coherency of pattern is wanting. It would be difficult to discover in this complex of organizations any coherency of idea or purpose that is not purely verbal. The Second and Third Internationals loathe one another. Amsterdam and Moscow are opposites that are not even mighty. The Christian Trade Unions are, from the standpoint of genuine international action, about as useful as the bucket of Tantalus. The American Federation of Labor has literally no international policy; and in its contacts with both European and South American Labor the part it has played has been but a sorry one. Taken all in all, I think Mr. Lorwin's narrative can be summed up in a series of propositions. First, American Labor has no international importance because: (1) it has no international-mindedness; and (2) it has no effective political institutions for giving expression to such resolutions as it makes. Internationally regarded, Mr. Gompers' career and outlook were one long disaster for Labor. Second, the Socialist International has a coherent policy, but cannot give effect to it save as Socialist parties in Europe become governments. It might have importance in a crisis if it coöperated effectively with the trade unions. Third, Amsterdam is as yet broadly devoid of importance. It is devoid of striking power because there is no unified outlook or correlated effort on the part of its members. It might, again, become important in a crisis, but for a long period it is not likely, otherwise, to be seriously effective. Fourth, the Third International is ideologically important; it has a coherent policy; and in Norway, France and Poland it has real influence. But it is excessively centralized, and it would probably exercise influence only where conditions made peculiarly suitable the admission of Bolshevik methods—*i. e.*, in an atmosphere like that of 1917. Fifth, the R. I. L. U. has at present no influence save as an irritant outside of Russia, and it declines rather than grows in importance. Other aspects of labor internationalism are too insignificant to treat at all seriously.

It is not, as Mr. Lorwin implies, a great record for sixty-odd years of activity. What are the causes of this comparative failure? Reading between the lines of Mr. Lorwin's very balanced account, they are, I think, primar-

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ily three in number. Outstanding is the fact that the world is divided into national states, and these are still the primary units of political and economic organization. The working-man's inevitable preoccupation, secondly, with his daily job makes any serious preoccupation with international problems impossible. It is necessary, in the third place, to conceive of almost every problem as it arises in its governmental context, and this, in its turn, makes for national action as the main issue to be considered. Subsidiary causes are the doctrinal and institutional differences between the different units involved. Short of a war, it is difficult to think of any big action that would produce a real unity of outlook and action as distinct from a mere unity of declamation.

Short, I say, of a war. It is, I think, clear from Mr. Lorwin's analysis that this might make an essential difference. If anything is certain, it is that a repetition of 1914 would not be followed, as then, by the tame acquiescence of Labor either on its political or on its economic side. There would be a much more united front, and out of it might easily emerge a corporate revolutionary effort, especially if the united front led, as it probably would lead, to some sort of understanding with Moscow. But it is to the interest of Labor, as Mr. Lorwin emphasizes, to avoid war. To that end, its function is to make Geneva powerful, on the one hand, and to capture power in each national state, upon the other. That means an avoidance of the ruthless simplicity of Moscow; and it means also the patient building of adequate technical machinery of research and propaganda such as the Socialist movement, especially on its trade-union side, has hardly begun to envisage. But this is a world in which all prophecies are dangerous. Left to itself, Moscow would certainly be defeated. Its strength lies in the ruthlessness of those opponents who, like the coal-owners and Sir William Joynson-Hicks in England, are capable neither of efficiency nor of intelligence. Given power and no man could predict the consequence of its operation by them.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Lardner, Shakespeare and Chekhov

Round Up, by Ring Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

RING LARDNER has at last been accepted by the critics, but more as a curiosity than anything else—in much the same way that jaded hostesses, a few years ago, used to import professional boxers after dinner to entertain their guests. It always becomes fashionable, among civilized people at a certain point of decadence, to admire the low, the vulgar and the criminal; and, though there may be other qualities which Ring Lardner's stories best exemplify, these subjects are present in his work, and they form the principal reason, I think, why he has become almost a fad with the intelligentsia.

We can perhaps further clarify the position which Ring Lardner really occupies by comparing it with the contemporary status of popular writers of another day. If Shakespeare, for instance, were not at present obscured by the fog of a ridiculously academic veneration, we should see at once that an analogy between these two men is not really far-fetched. If I liken Lardner to Shakespeare, the reader will perhaps jump to the conclusion that I am attempting to raise Lardner to Shakespeare's level. On the contrary, Shakespeare is too heavily handicapped at present to be a serious rival to Lardner in the literary market. The difference between Shakespeare and Ring Lardner is not a difference in kind, but only a difference of degree. In Shakespeare's own day, the man on the street in London did not have to be told that Shakespeare was a writer of popular plays: he knew it, just as today the man on the street in New York does not have to be told that Ring Lardner is a writer of newspaper columns, popular stories, and magazine articles. The public for which Shakespeare wrote was not, dear reader, you and I; and though no doubt he would enjoy the knowledge that he is now regarded by us as the principal poet of the English language, the fact remains that, until he had established himself, he bent every effort to write what we should nowadays call Broadway hits. The fact that he eventually tired of making pot-boilers must not blind us to the equally weighty fact that his reputation must have been made on plays that were popular. I do not know of a single case in literary history where a first-rate writer's reputation was not well started by the time he died. If we think this means that the public in those days possessed a critical taste exceeding the perspicacity of our own, we are sentimentalizing. After years of education—that is, of attempting to correct misapprehensions of the world—we can still be uncomfortably shocked at evidences in Shakespeare's writings of what we call "playing down to the audience." As if "playing down to the audience" were not the whole duty of a writer! We have attempted to get around this difficulty by calling Shakespeare "myriad-minded"—that is, implying that he wrote not only for the groundlings, the men of letters and the aristocrats of his own day, but for us. But, granted that Shakespeare's scope was extraordinarily wide (though not so wide as we pretend—he can no longer compete with Broadway, for example), the fact remains that Shakespeare, like every other writer before and since his time, made his reputation because he had been able to please his present public: in his case, the people of London.

In exactly the same way, Ring Lardner is writing today, and has succeeded in pleasing his public: a larger public than Shakespeare's, the people of America. The circumstances which determine a writer's success today are widely different from those of Elizabethan London, but there are some striking similarities. One, perhaps the most striking, is the condition of the language. In London then, as in America now, colloquial speech was in a lively state of growth. And in such a case, even the philologists will tell us, the language itself is most alive. The vital center of the English language has already passed from England (where they have now begun to talk of a "standard English") to America, where, out of the mouths of the babes and sucklings who write our newspapers, advertisements and the patter for the popular songs and the more frivolous theatrical shows, new words, new phrases, new modes of expression are constantly pushing their way into urban speech, and then, with more diffused currency, into the topical writing of the day. And topical writing (we must not labor the point too much) is just the kind of writing which nine out of every ten writers who are worth their salt are engaged in producing.

This does not mean that such writers are themselves innovators; and indeed Ring Lardner is not a coiner of phrases: his individuality lies in his application of the popular language. He has the well deserved reputation of being a faithful reporter of common speech: his dialogue reads at times as though it had been taken down in shorthand, on the spot. But he does not, like the huge ma-

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jority of his fellow craftsmen, invariably falsify the content of the speech he reports. Whereas the ordinary Saturday Evening Post author can turn out dialogue which is often as amusing, occasionally as accurate, and sometimes more sensible than Lardner's, it rarely has the ring of sardonic truthfulness that we recognize as Lardner's peculiar tone. He writes for money—as what sensible author does not—but he has often been able to twist the pattern of his stories into a really artistic form, and still, strangely enough, make the stories salable. Angels can do no more. Shakespeare could do no more. But the sale of art is too much regarded nowadays as a miracle, or a scandal.

Though it is, I think, certainly worth while, and most refreshing to the spirit, to consider what fundamental likenesses there may be between a man who writes for the newspapers and a man who wrote for the Globe Theater, the analogy between them must not be stretched too far. The likeness is more apparent, indeed, between Lardner and Chekhov. This Russian humorist who developed into the prince of all short-story writers began, like Lardner, as a writer for the newspapers, and, like Lardner, was much surprised to learn, one fine day, that his stories were being taken seriously by the critics. But not until he had become well established as a writer did he ever take his own writing seriously; he was concerned only with making enough money to support his large and needy household. Later Chekhov became a consciously literary writer; perhaps Lardner is also in process of becoming one.

The popular and the anti-popular are curiously mingled in his latest book. In some of these stories he has undoubtedly gone too far for his original public. It would be interesting to know, for instance, what editor first accepted "The Champion," or "The Love Nest," or "A Day with Conrad Green"—more interesting, perhaps, to know what editors refused to print them. These stories, and especially the first-named, are very plain narratives, told with apparently unbiased candor about apparently ordinary, plain people—and when you have finished the story, in each case, you are compelled to hate the person you have been hearing about. This is real satire, for there is indignation behind it. But Lardner has written generally for a public which is not yet decadent enough (or educated enough, if you prefer) to appreciate unmixed satire, and his usual vein is more ironic. Such stories as "Sun Cured" and "Hair Cut" might make some unsuspecting readers vaguely angry, but they would go down most gullets pleasantly enough, and without causing a qualm. Most of the remainder of these stories, when they are not obviously sentimental, in the O. Henry tradition, are cast in one of the molds which Lardner has evidently found most salable: baseball or golf stories, with trick, mechanical plots, little characterization and nothing but Lardner's manner to distinguish them from the average run of magazine fiction. Two other stories, however ("Ex Parte" and "Contract"), not particularly good in themselves, remind the reader that Lardner has another vein, not represented in this book. In each of these stories, a man suddenly rebels against his environment in an exceedingly human but socially improbable way, and in the tinge of lucid madness with which they break loose and run amuck, we see a reminiscence of Lardner's crazy plays.

The book as a whole is about the kind of collection we might expect from the collaboration of a publisher and a popular author. The mere fact that Lardner's stories have been collected into books is a sign that he has been taken up by the high-brows. For he wrote originally for the people who do not read books. "Round Up" will never win the Nobel Prize. It will not win the Pulitzer Prize.

A writer is limited to a very great extent by his public. There are publics of all sizes, but whichever one it is that he is writing for (and he may write for different publics at different times), he must succed with it. The evident reason why so many people nowadays write "to please themselves" or for a small clique is because the wider fields have already been preëmpted, and they feel themselves unable or unwilling to enter into competition. There is no reason in the world, however, why a writer should not be both popular and excellent, except that such a goal is exceedingly difficult to attain. It has been done; doubtless it will be done again; it is certainly more likely to be done by a writer like Lardner, who is coming from the right direction, than by most of his contemporaries, who, though they may possess the lever of Archimedes, have no place to stand.

In this brief and rather impressionistic review of one aspect of Ring Lardner's latest book, I have chosen to compare him, not with the avowedly dedicated writers of his own generation, but rather with Shakespeare and Chekhov, writers whose attitude seems to have been as unpretentious, whose aims as sensible. For Lardner, like Shakespeare and Chekhov, has owed his literary existence (and has repaid it by writing for them) to the common people of his day, the people who have been talking prose all their lives, and will never know it.

T. S. Matthews.

The Voice of Despair

The Modern Temper: A Study and Confession, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 249 pages. $2.50.

In "The Modern Temper" Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch has written a lyric of despair. Seven years have passed since "The Waste Land" was published; and Mr. Krutch's feelings are not unlike what Mr. Eliot's were in 1922; but the wry beauty of Mr. Eliot's wreckage has become, in Mr. Krutch's hands, more compact and unified; the prose is firm, supple, finely tempered.

What is Mr. Krutch's thesis? He finds in his own heart, and in the hearts of his contemporaries, a despair, a sense of futility. This sense seems to him to have arisen because man's dignity has been assaulted by the discoveries of science: Copernicus showed us that man was not the center of the universe; the geologists demonstrated that he was not the first step in creation; biology has indicated that man does not receive transcendental knowledge from the outside; Freud has disclosed to us the fact that our ideal impulses, even when they are not mere self-deceptions and fantasies, are elaborated out of purely animal necessities. Says Mr. Krutch:

> The structures which are variously known as mythology, religion, philosophy, and which are alike in that each has as its function the interpretation of experience in terms which have human values, have collapsed under the force of successive attacks and shown themselves incapable of assimilating the new stores of experience which have been dumped on the world. With increasing completeness science maps out patterns for nature, but the latter have no relation to the pattern of human needs and feelings.

The opposition that Mr. Krutch feels between science and values he carries over to life in general: he sees the same stubborn antithesis in Nature and Man—between

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impulses connected with the preservation and perpetuation of the species and those exhibited by a cultivated individual. For him, the highest human type is one that is in opposition to the animal, the primitive; such a type insists upon its own happiness, its own self-preservation, and resents the more "primitive" claims of social duty and of integration within human society.

This is the typical Romantic conception of the Hero, the Don Juan or the Manfred; and if one does not accept Mr. Krutch's apotheosis, one rejects the cornerstone of his structure, and a good part of the fabric crumbles. In a high type, like Goethe, I can detect no weakening of his social affiliations, except in his distracted youth. Is the author of "The Sorrows of Werther" a finer personality than the statesman who completed "Faust"? By Mr. Krutch's definition he would be; because he was more untrammelled in his sexual relations and more completely divorced from the concerns of corporate life. The languor, the boredom, the deficiency of vital vigor that Mr. Krutch postulates with increasing civilization, and, what is for him almost the same thing, sophistication, I cannot find in any of the concrete examples that come to mind: Plato, Dante, Milton, Goethe. Whom will he offer as an example of that higher type which despises the claims of animal nature or corporate society? To be completely human, for him, as for an Alexandrian hermit, is to leave the animal behind, not to integrate it into a richer personality. This dualism, I suggest, is not due to any actual separation; it is due, rather, to that abandonment of any effort at genuine integration—human-animal, individual-social, practical-ideal—which is almost a condition of survival in the megalopolitan world.

The detachment upon which Mr. Krutch puts such high value is a necessary "moment" in fruitful thought; but as a permanent state it is fatal, even to thought itself; for, as he points out, in this mood one "cannot strive with a missionary zeal for the development of pure science, philosophy, and art, because one has come to believe these things are neither ultimately satisfying nor conducive to a vigorous national life." Having theoretically cut off his head, Mr. Krutch may urge that such a dissevered state is the necessary condition of its living its own life; but the result is that both body and head become food for maggots. Mr. Krutch erects a separation of animal nature and spiritual values as a prime condition of life, or at all events, happiness; in nature, however, such a separation is a condition of death, and so "the modern temper" becomes one of despair. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Krutch has wished the dilemma upon himself; and that despair is his conclusion only because, as in all operations of formal logic, he has put despair in his premises.

One of the things that disconcerts Mr. Krutch's vision of the world is the scientific principle of continuity. The linkage of animal behavior with human ethics, of taste-buds and olfactory nerves and kinesthetic reactions with ultimate esthetic delights, seems to him to rob these matters of a considerable part of the dignity or pleasure they once held. Nobility has ceased to exist, because it can be partly described in terms which do not contain this emergent concept itself: to explain the sources of art and ideality is, for Mr. Krutch, to explain them away.

This psychological dilemma does not, it seems to me, lie in the situation: Mr. Krutch has imported it. There have always been sensitive souls who ceased to value a picture, say, if they discovered that the painter habitually ate garlic or beat his wife, in short, was something less than an angel; but even if this squeamishness were more general, one could only describe it as a social psychosis, and not as a constant quality of the mind. It is obviously true that certain patterns of ideality have been broken down; Mr. J. E. Spingarn has very thoughtfully suggested that one might write a great book on the Birth and Death of the Gentleman: but Mr. Krutch has mistaken this temporary loss and uncertainty, due to vast material displacements, for a permanent condition; and he imagines that ideality has been exiled by science.

No generalization could, I think, be further from the truth if the sources of ideality, as the naturalist holds, are part of the inherent nature of man. Indeed, the principle of continuity works both ways; and the failure to recognize this fact was one of the great errors of positive science in the nineteenth century—an error, and a source of trouble to Mr. Krutch. The principle of continuity not merely brings the things of the spirit into the realm of nature, disclosing the animal and social roots of our most rational and ideal aims; but, reciprocally, man's own nature and desires, his own physical and temporal relations, his faiths and fantasies, enter into the most abstract and scientific picture of Nature. We know the external world only as the environment of life. In any other posture or relationship, as the footstool of Heaven or as the cold impersonal "Universe" of dogmatic materialism, it exists purely as a temporary postulate—a convenience of thought.

Through the glasses of our ideologies, we see and discover Nature, giving it the "style" of our own lives; so the very conception of an "impersonal Universe" hostile to man's inner strivings is itself the outcome of a certain historic moment, certain social and economic experiences, and a certain type of personality. Mr. Krutch rejects, quite properly, that form of metaphysical escape which would give over to ethics, esthetics, and philosophy an entirely independent order, sacred to the human personality; but he does not see that the alternative is not as narrow as this. Actually, it is as impossible to remove human conditions and desires from science as it is to get rid of scientific knowledge and the obdurate facts of life by metaphysical hocus-pocus. If Man belongs to the system of Nature, Nature, as disclosed by science, is still part of the system of Man.

In sum: the impersonality of science, and science's Universe, is a fable. Science exists and develops in a human and social medium, and it can no more escape that condition than a man can jump out of his skin.

Between a universe completely indifferent or hostile to man's desires, and the friendly world, dear to early theology and philosophy, which is supposed to be wholly harmonious with those desires, either immediately or upon condition of performing certain magical practices, Mr. Krutch sees no possible reconciliation. He is right: the terms in which he sets the problem make a solution impossible. But the fact is that the external conditions of existence are not wholly inimical to man. His organic development has proceeded over many ages on a planet whose temperature, moisture, exposure to sun, vegetation, animal life, have, except during the glacial period, been propitious to his existence; and by invention and art he has made this adaptation closer, re-fashioning the natural environment through the domestication of plants and the building of cities.

Man is still subject to accident and evil; and the advance of science, technology, art, will never perhaps do more than abate or postpone these evils, or enable us to recuperate after they have worked their malice upon us.

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But if all the conditions of happiness, or even survival, are not within man's ultimate control, there remain great tracts of life which are still amenable to his efforts; for out of his natural necessities he has produced a new environment, different from the raw planet on which the race began life and from his own crude organic nature at birth—the environment of culture, in which art, thought, science, ideality, become the theater of energies not absorbed in reproduction and nutrition. The function of this realm has not been changed by the advances of science, although its contents have been transformed. It is here that the "must-be" of brute fact is wedded to the "may-be" of human desire; and life becomes fully humanized.

Mr. Krutch is not content for us to work out our salvation on the plane of culture; or rather, he says that "the admission that the human spirit finds a home in art alone is exactly the admission which distinguishes the modern despair from that ancient optimism founded upon the belief that the scheme of nature corresponded in some way with the scheme, satisfactory to human desires, which was expressed in art and demonstrated by philosophy." This is the fallacy of all or nothing: because the universe will not respond to us entirely on our own terms, Mr. Krutch rejects it on any terms. A universe that partly responds to man, an ideology that is partly successful in finding expression, a home for man that is clean and comely, but still subject to the invasion of insects or bacteria—in one's cradle one may cry for more than this, out of an unbridled belief in one's own omnipotence, but why should these conditions drive an adult to despair?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Too Difficult a Grace

Further Poems of Emily Dickinson. Withheld from publication by her sister Lavinia. Edited by her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 228 pages. $2.50.

ONE LINE of the title page of "Further Poems of Emily Dickinson" arrests attention. "Withheld from publication by her sister Lavinia" is a phrase somewhat too catchy, too easily believed; at best, unnecessary and unworthy, at worst, downright malicious. Lavinia Dickinson died in 1899. It is hard to see how she can be held post-mortem accountable for the non-publication of these poems, unless, indeed, she so deliberately and cunningly secreted them, that their discovery was the culmination of an exhaustive search of twenty-eight years. The present volume is nowhere explicit about the facts of that search and discovery; a gracious personal letter from Mme. Bianchi tells me that the poems "were for the most part found in a small trunk long overlooked as holding only old papers of my grandfather's. The first one dropped out of a volume of Emerson's essays—which set me guessing." "Long overlooked" would partly, it seems, exonerate Lavinia, and tend to indicate, perhaps, a search somewhat desultory in view of the exciting rewards. For there was always evidence to hint that Emily Dickinson left many more poems than have even yet been brought to light. Are we to expect additional volumes?

The first poems of Emily Dickinson appeared in 1890, "edited by two of her friends, T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd," as the introduction said, "to meet the desire of her personal friends and especially of her surviving sister" (Lavinia). Austin Dickinson, Emily's brother, actively approved this arrangement, which seems to have caused some heart-burning a hedge away. The book ran through eleven editions. In 1892, "Poems, Second Series" appeared, and early in the year had sold 5,000 copies. At this time it was stated that 1,200 unpublished poems had been catalogued and arranged by the editors. "Poems, Third Series" appeared in 1896: its preface said, "The intellectual activity of Emily Dickinson was so great that a large and characteristic choice is still possible among her literary material." Meanwhile, Austin Dickinson had died (in 1895), promising to Mrs. Todd, in exchange for her waiver of royalties, title to a piece of the Dickinson property in Amherst. Over this title an unpleasant lawsuit developed between Mrs. Todd and Lavinia Dickinson; the latter brought suit, won, and the partnership unhappily dissolved; there were no further publications. Still, one may guess, and not too wildly, that at least a fourth volume may have been in process of preparation: the introduction to the present edition confirms this conjecture.

In what sense, then, did Lavinia "withhold publication"?—and why should she? Not for lack of public appreciation or success, surely. Mme. Bianchi writes, "[The poems] tell the love she glorified in so simple and direct a way that this may have been the reason they were withheld." But compare these poems with the love poems in any preceding volume, and you will fail of conviction on that score. Lastly, Let Lavinia speak for herself—here is an extract from a letter of hers never, I believe, previously published:

Dec. 23, ——.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

If you knew my disappointed endeavors for 2 years you would realize my gratitude to you both. Mrs. Dickinson was enthusiastic for a while, then indifferent, and later, utterly discouraging. I naturally looked to her first for help, supposing 'twould be her highest pleasure. I found my mistake. She wished the box examined from *there* constantly—was unwilling for me to borrow them for a day, as she was fond of reading them to passing friends.

Mrs. Dickinson has fine ability but lacks mental energy to complete. She has many ideal plans for work worthy of her talent, but the world will probably not see any finished. "The Poems" would lie in the box where they were found. After my brief talk with you (2 years ago last summer) I resolved the poems *should* be published. I have from that time never mentioned the subject to my neighbors . . . satisfied . . . the end would be success. . . . I have had a "Joan of Arc" feeling about Emilie's poems from the first.

Again thanking you for your beautiful labors,

Heartily,

LAVINIA DICKINSON.

As introduction the present editors have written what one feels may seem to them the ideal review of their book, an appreciation of Emily, lavish in quotation, "by far the finest synthesis of Emily Dickinson written to date," according to that prince of critics, Louis Untermeyer. Readable and pleasant in general, it is still not particularly penetrating, nor, on one or two points, quite forthright. If there is some subtle dispraise of Lavinia, and proportionate kudos for Mrs. Austin Dickinson—there is no doubt that Emily loved "Sister Sue" very much indeed—that would be natural enough. The sin of covetousness, not outlandish in New England, credits the family with recognition of a genius worth the claiming. One has less patience with the idea that the family alone can apprehend the elusive qualities of that genius. "Escaping their verbal nets, light laughs Emily at all efforts to enmesh her"; this

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Is just a little too cute. Finally, the introduction, if and when revised, should contain specific information, for the record, of the history and discovery of the poems; and secondly, a statement of the principle which has guided the present editors in arranging them on the printed page.

With readers educated, by the previous three volumes as well as by "The Single Hound," to a different format, the present arrangement was sure to be something of a shock. It might have been sensible to anticipate the controversy excited, or at least compose it with prefatory explanation. One resorts to "Poems, Second Series" for a clue. "The handwriting was at first somewhat like the delicate, running Italian hand of our elder gentlewomen; but as she advanced in breadth of thought, it grew bolder and more abrupt, until in her latest years each letter stood distinct and separate from its fellows. In most of her poems, particularly the latest ones, everything by way of punctuation was discarded, except numerous dashes; and all important words began with capitals. . . . The facsimile given in the present volume is from one of the earlier transition periods. . . . The variation of readings, with the fact that she often wrote in pencil and not always clearly, have at times thrown a good deal of responsibility upon her Editors." The first page of this facsimile, reproduced line for line, runs as follows:

There came a day
at Summer's full
Entirely for me
I thought that such
were for the Saints
When Resurrections be
  The Sun as common
went abroad
The flowers accustomed
blew
As if no soul that
solstice passed
Which maketh
all things new

And it is evident that parts of lines are run over because there is not room on the page for the complete line. One concludes, accordingly, that the present volume reproduces the poems as directly as possible, and this conjecture is confirmed by Mme. Bianchi's letter: "The present volume is set forth word for word exactly as Emily wrote it—the order of the poems only was arranged by her editors."

This looked like a good idea; but noble experiments that must be worked out constructively are not always foreordained to success. An editor should be exactly aware and merciless when good ideas turn out not so good. Emily Dickinson's unconventionality was of the spirit, not the letter; the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Compare

So well that I can live without—
I love Thee; then how well
Is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He loved men
As I love Thee.

and

So well that I can live without—
I love Thee; then how well is that?
As well as Jesus? Prove it me
That He loved men as I love Thee.

Surely the heresy is enhanced rather than diminished by adherence to the long meter of Old Hundred. And the editors, lapsing from their principle, have not printed the poems consistently in text and introduction.

The arrangement in order of "Poems: First, Second and Third Series," was made according to an arbitrary division of subject-matter: Life, Love, Nature, Time and Immortality. "Further Poems," without explicitly saying so, carries out the same scheme with slight readjustment: Life, Prayer, Nature, Death, Time and Immortality, Love. Before leaving the subject of arrangement, one final question occurs: would it have been possible to present variant readings, to incorporate in the text "the frequent addition of rather perplexing footnotes, affording large choice of words and phrases" (Todd)? What tremendous interest there would be in such material!

Critics who profess to believe that they see in this volume poems much better or much worse than in previous editions are only fooling themselves. It is doubtful whether they could take ten poems at random from the five books, say, Lo here, and put them back where they found them. What can be said, however, is that here are poems, good and bad alike (there are some bad ones), characteristic, very Emily.

Witness quotation (I am taking liberties with the linear arrangement, sometimes with the punctuation of the text).

Rehearsal to ourselves
Of a withdrawn delight
Affords a bliss like murder,
Omnipotent, acute.

We will not drop the dirk
Because we love the wound,
The dirk commemorate, itself
Remind us that (what[?]) we did.

My portion is defeat to-day
A paler luck than victory,
Less pæans, fewer bells—
The drums don't follow me with tunes;
Defeat a something dumber means,
More difficult than bells.
'Tis populous with bone and stain,
And men too straight to bend again,
And piles of solid moan,
And chips of blank in boyish eyes,
And shreds of prayer and death's surprise
Stamped visible in stone.

Through the dark sod as education
The Lily passes sure;
Feels her white foot no trepidation
Her faith no fear.

Revolution is the pod
Systems rattle from
When the winds of Will are stirred;
Excellent is bloom,

But except its russet base
Every summer be
The entomber of itself,
So of Liberty

Left inactive on the stalk,
All its purple fled,
Revolution shakes it for
Test if it be dead.

I reckon, when I count at all
First Poets, then the Sun,
Then Summer, then the Heaven of God
And then the list is done.

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But looking back, the first so seems
To comprehend the whole
The others look a needless show,
So I write Poets—All.

This summer lasts a solid year,
They can afford a sun
The East would deem extravagant,
And if the final Heaven

Be beautiful as they disclose
To those who trust in them,
It is too difficult a grace
To justify the dream.

"There is a good little church of St. Emily now," writes a friend despairingly, "and the stone is trebly sealed across the decorous tomb." Let us hope not, and be grateful for what we have; but no satisfactory edition has been, or is, so far on record. Emily has been given us as friend, as legend, as member of the Dickinson family, as "genius"; she was all these and more. No one has written her down as artist, with all the aches and ecstasies to which that quickened flesh is heir. Her elusive charm mocks the fact that she was a spinster who thought New Englandly, a maiden lady who "never heard the word escape without . . . a sudden expectation, a flying attitude." It is not unfair to say she was never fully woman. Starved of mature adult experience, a failure in grasping the riches of this world, she spent her life in dramatizing the unhappy maxim of Jesus, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." There was something in this, no doubt, of the love of God the Father: one almost smiles at the way Emily's family has always said, Hush! Hush! to the name of the reverend young minister of her love, and in all simple innocence let a more sinister cat out of the bag. In the shadow of Edward Dickinson, Emily liked to think of herself as the little tippler, the little dusker border, the littlest aunt, the little girl Day wouldn't take: in the full sun she put on the robes of Fellow of the Royal Infinity. She reached out hands to both Childhood and Eternity. Her very rhymes reveal her wariness, her love of not being taken. For her, no deadly inexorable parallels; rather the delicate mysteries of tangent and circumference. Spiritually she seems very close kin to Henry Vaughan, whom she once mentions, casually enough, in her letters; like him she saw Eternity, like him she felt

Through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of Everlastingness.

But how far she lent herself to literary influences is problematical—little, one would guess, in view of her own amazing fertility—a poem a week, approximately, over a period of nearly twenty-five years.

What is needed is a new edition of the poems, a new biography—not two works, but one, a fusion of the real and earthly elements in the life of Emily Dickinson.

Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security.

The story will have to be told by someone who can combine the impersonal integrity of the scientist with the love of the poet, who "distills amazing sense from ordinary meanings." And there are, happily, signs that this story will not be long forthcoming.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Henry VIII

Henry the VIIIth, by Francis Hackett. New York: Horace Liveright. 452 pages. $3.

MR. HACKETT has found a subject made to his hand. Henry VIII is one of the most romantic figures in English history, combining as he does the fascination of the youthful spirit of the Renaissance with the morbid interest in its darker side of passion and crime. The Renaissance was delayed in England by the Wars of the Roses, but, in the reign of Henry the VII, Englishmen began to resort to Italy, and Greek was taught at Oxford. The foundations of material prosperity were laid by the policy of that prudent monarch; and, when the young Henry VIII succeeded his father, the country was ready to burst into exuberant life. Henry assembled the first court since Edward III which had any cultural significance—a court where music, painting, poetry, and scholarship were practised amid a vast amount of love- and joy-making. There is something charmingly boyish about the young cavaliers of Henry's court, Norris, Bryan, Rochford, Surrey, who lived so dangerously and died, many of them, so nonchalantly. Their sonnets and songs were the beginnings of that slender stream which was to broaden into the river of modern English poetry. They were the forerunners of the graver but still youthful spirits who made glorious the reign of Henry's daughter, Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Essex. The expansion of human personality which brought to Italy such incredible masters of *virtu* as Leonardo da Vinci and Leo Battista Alberti, on the one hand, and Francesco Sforza and Cesare Borgia on the other, began to be known in England. Sir Thomas More opened the field of modern social speculation; Thomas Wolsey rose from butcher's boy to be Cardinal and Chancellor. The faces of noble Englishmen and Englishwomen, known to us in such numbers through the portraits of Holbein, are almost universally marked by traits of courage, determination, and dignity. For these characters the stage widened. England became, for the first time in a century, a European power, playing a part in international politics which began to take on a modern complexion. Grandiose concepts were in the air: the discovery of new worlds and reformation of the old; universal peace and Utopia. King and Cardinal aspired to the great medieval dignities of Holy Roman Emperor and Pope; and, at the same time, Henry took advantage of the Reformation to end the struggle for supremacy between Church and State in favor of the latter. And by no means least in the attractions of the subject is the character of the King, which furnishes, in English history, the equivalent of the lust and cruelty of the Italian despots.

In another respect Mr. Hackett is fortunate. He tells us, in the preface, that he has not had to invent any dialogue. He has been able to take advantage of the fact that the state papers of the reign of Henry VIII have been edited and calendared with extraordinary care, by the late J. S. Brewer, and that, in this reign, modern English biography was born, with lives of contemporaries such as Cavendish's "Wolsey," and Roper's life of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas More. Mr. Brewer himself wrote prefaces to the state papers, which have been gathered by Mr. James Gairdiner into a "History of the Reign of Henry VIII to the Fall of Wolsey." This work may be compared with Mr. Hackett's by readers curious to note the distinguishing qualities of modern biography. These may be roughly summarized as a sense of the present tense. Mr. Brewer

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treats of events which have taken place; Mr. Hackett of events which are taking place, as the reader follows the narrative. The difference is more than verbal; it is psychological. Mr. Brewer's history is an admirably clear, intelligent exposition and record of things passed. Mr. Hackett's is brilliantly evocative. "To be *then*-minded," he says, "to use imagination and intuition, to suggest life—this is the task of the psycho-historian."

Mr. Hackett is *then*-minded; but he is also *now*-minded. His biography is contemporary in another sense. The events which he narrates still take place. The political work of Henry was like that of Francis I, to disengage the nationalistic state from the medieval swaddlings of papacy and empire—to set up the dynastic principle of personal control. We are still living under the nationalistic State which, "Plato in one hand and Machiavelli in the other, was to parade itself with the new priesthood of diplomat and secret agent, cabinet minister and assassin, admiral and press ganger, conscript will and conscript intelligence, rearranging on a new system and with clownish variations of Monarchy and Republic, the whole sanctified wardrobe of the papal religion."

It would be far beyond the capacity of a review to deal with the heavy fabric of culture, politics, and war, shot through with threads of personal desire, which Mr. Hackett unrolls so easily in his narrative. In sheer virtuosity it is an amazing performance. But the interest in human character is supreme—in Henry himself, with his massive strength and insolent will undermined by an inferiority complex; in the six wives representing such different types of the feminine which we are more than ever convinced is eternal; in Wolsey, More, Erasmus, Cromwell, Cranmer, Norfolk, Francis I, and Charles V. In these portraits, Mr. Hackett's ingenuity and penetration are reinforced by a style full of vivacity and humor, alive at every point. He disposes of the legendary Bluff King Hal—that "myth of the eternal school-boy who goes by the picture on the cover." Henry was intelligent. "He knew himself to be timid in warfare, to be unwieldy with women, to be overemphatic, to be clumsy. His flesh encumbered his spirit. . . . These were the things, more than any statecraft, that churned and lashed his soul." His self-distrust showed itself, at his first divorce, in his inability to exercise freely his own supreme power. "He sought the process of law. He required the theologian to shoe-horn his conduct into a moral category, and the judge to outfit him legally. It was the rule of his morbid being to row one way and look the other." And as in political, so in personal relations, Henry's desires were curiously at odds with his will.

> As his soul hungered within him for an assent that is only valid when paid in the free accents of independence and sincerity, this man who destroyed independence and withered sincerity, ached for the medicine he trampled under foot. It was not the pattern of the North. It was the habitual pattern of the Near East, the Byzantine design. But in dominating the sphere to which God had called him this handsome and amiable youth slowly and irresistibly changed into the personage on whose lowering visage was written the judgment of psychological law. . . . Henry's eyes searched the horizon in a gaze that was denied as it yearned, and that yearned because it was denied. He had entered the circle that turns on its pitiless self, and as he hurried in his traces, he encountered the reminder that this was not simply despair but despair mirrored in a mockery

Such assuredness of analysis is usually the prerogative of the modern historical novelist rather than the biographer. Mr. Hackett's "Henry the VIIIth" stands beside Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay" as a correction of historical portraiture.

One is tempted to quote other pieces of portraiture—Cranmer is admirably done, and also Cromwell. Erasmus is drawn in sympathetic lines, a genuine intelligence and a good European, in contrast to Charles V, an intelligence but only a good Hapsburg. A touch of Mr. Hackett's vivacity relieves the temperamental deficiency of that monarch. "He did not quarrel with England, but, within three months, he reduced the temperature of the alliance below the point where it could, except with snakes, be effectively amorous."

Altogether, Mr. Hackett has made a triumphant reentry upon the scene of American letters from which he has been absent too long. He has accomplished a feat which we associate rather with the French than with the English mind, a work of scholarship alive with imagination and gorgeously apparelled in style. He has gone to the front in the historical field by virtue of the qualities which he displayed in contemporary criticism, only now with more abundance.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Makers of American Diplomacy

The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy. Edited by Samuel Flagg Bemis, with the assistance of an Advisory Board of J. Franklin Jameson, H. Barrett Learned, and James Brown Scott. Preface by Nicholas Butler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Ten vols. $4 each.

NO other public office in the United States can boast so distinguished a roster as the Secretaryship of State. Livingston, Jay, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Buchanan, Seward, Evarts, Blaine, Hay, Root, Bryan, Hughes—these, among others, are names for the historian to conjure with. Any office with incumbents of such stature must have exercised powerful influence upon domestic and foreign affairs. Therefore, the publication of an adequate biographical dictionary of the American Secretaries of State is an event of first-rate importance. The present series, although it does not approach perfection, represents a worthy contribution to American historical literature. The editor, Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis, is the author of two distinguished volumes on American diplomacy and has brought to his task unique knowledge of the broad field under survey. He has surrounded himself with competent and, in many cases, distinguished advisers and contributors. He has insisted—if insistence were necessary—that the biographies here published be no rehash of secondary materials, but fresh accounts based upon all available source materials; in some cases transcripts from foreign archives appear to have been made especially for this purpose. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has written a vigorous and stimulating introduction, although some of his opinions therein expressed will not meet with widespread acceptance. The publisher, Mr. Knopf, presents the volumes in a form which will make them a valuable addition to any library—excellent typography, attractive binding, and valuable photographic illustrations. Although literary

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style varies with the several contributors, it is almost uniformly interesting and readable; and for the student there are indispensable appendices in the form of bibliographical and explanatory notes, as well as an index, to each volume.

It should not be understood that one will obtain from these books a synthetic history of American diplomacy. The editor had a more limited task in mind. He is aware that the foreign policies of the United States are so circumscribed by tradition and dogma, as well as so deeply rooted in the soil of North America, that they cannot be described coherently and completely in terms of the careers of the Secretaries of State. Hence there is no connected narrative or critique of such policies as isolation, freedom of the seas, the Monroe Doctrine, or the open door. For less obvious reasons the Near East and the Far East have been treated as step-sisters, although (in conventional fashion) the Barbary pirates are dealt with at length. More appropriately, Anglo-American relations are handled with unusual completeness; the problem of Mexico is dealt with honestly and sympathetically throughout; there is constant appreciation of the influence of economic interests—commercial, agricultural, slaveholding, industrial, and financial—on the course of American diplomacy. Also, it is made clear that the President, unofficial advisers, other cabinet officers, lesser officials of the Department of State, and members of the Senate may dwarf or even paralyze the activities of a competent Secretary.

What the reader may reasonably expect of this series of volumes is an indication of the extent to which the personality, experience, prejudices, and opportunities of each Secretary of State have influenced his conduct of the office. In this respect the contributors are not uniformly successful. A few have written unimaginative narratives in which routine business has obscured the human factors involved. One, the late Professor Bassett, in his charmingly written story of Martin Van Buren, has gone to the other extreme and has allowed human factors to obscure important business. On the whole, however, the series lives up to expectations. And there are some of these biographical sketches which brilliantly illuminate the history of American diplomacy. For special distinction in this respect one must single out the section on John Quincy Adams by Professor Dexter Perkins, incomparably the best single piece of work in the ten volumes. One must also award special mention to the colorful representation of Edmund Randolph by President Anderson of Randolph-Macon College, the portrait of Jefferson by the editor, the salty account of Pickering by the late Professor Henry Jones Ford, the vivid picture of Upshur by Dr. Randolph G. Adams, the meticulous record of Calhoun and Buchanan by Professor Sioussat, the much-needed biography of Marcy by Dr. Learned, and the brilliant essay on Evarts by Mr. Claude Bowers and Miss Helen Dwight Reid.

In general, Secretaries of State of the past fifty years have been handled with less courage, skill, and acumen than their predecessors. Two notable exceptions to this general rule are Dr. Fuller's sketch of Hamilton Fish, which the editor calls "the first serious study of this able and interesting man's diplomacy," and Dr. Dennis's John Hay, based upon unpublished Roosevelt and Hay papers as well as other important sources. James G. Blaine is treated with friendliness and appreciation, but much work remains to be done on his Pan-American and other policies; also his biography as here presented lacks much of the vigor and color of the man himself. Dr. James Brown Scott writes an interesting account based upon personal acquaintance with Elihu Root, one of the greatest Secretaries of State, but it is difficult to explain why he sidesteps the Panama issue and makes insufficient acknowledgment of the dominating role of President Roosevelt during Mr. Root's term of office. Professor Herbert Wright's sketch of Philander C. Knox suffers from a paucity of materials; the accredited father of "dollar diplomacy" should have more detailed attention. The account of Bryan, although surprisingly sympathetic, is totally inadequate as a history of his important years in the Department of State and hides under an inexplicable cloak of anonymity; furthermore, the contrast between Wilsonian principles and Wilsonian practice in the Caribbean is not made sufficiently vivid and impressive. Professor Julius W. Pratt has contributed an exceptionally able study of Robert Lansing—not altogether complimentary, incidentally, to Woodrow Wilson or to Mr. Ray Stannard Baker—but one which almost certainly will have to be revised as more information comes to hand and more indiscretions are committed. Bainbridge Colby's term of office, according to Mr. John Spargo, was all sweetness and light, the vitriolic oil controversy with Lord Curzon notwithstanding; an unabashed encomium of this kind, inspired in large part by Mr. Spargo's personal opinions concerning the recognition of Soviet Russia, has little place in a series of this kind. Professor Charles Cheney Hyde, Solicitor of the Department of State under Mr. Hughes, writes an account of the latter's stewardship which is highly praiseworthy, but which bears evidence that Mr. Hyde, like many others of us, has lost some of his critical faculties under the spell of the intellect and personal charm of Mr. Hughes. In short, the time is not far distant when Volumes IX and X will need rewriting. And when they are rewritten, who will do justice to the Honorable Frank B. Kellogg?

Planning and editing a series of this scope is no mean task. Professor Bemis pays eloquent tribute in this respect to the pioneer work of the late Dr. Gaillard Hunt, who shares with Alvey A. Adee and John Bassett Moore a great many distinctions in the field of American diplomatic history and accomplishment. But the work as a whole, and the first six volumes in particular, bears an unmistakable Bemis imprint. And a fine imprint it is. This is not to say that there are not faults which might be found with the editing. Occasionally, for example, contributors contradict one another on questions of fact and opinion—Messrs. Pratt and Tansill disagree concerning Robert Smith, and Messrs. Bassett and Rawle have differences concerning Edward Livingston, which could easily have been ironed out. Dr. R. G. Adams and Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, in particular, are permitted generalizations and opinionated statements which a strong-willed editor might have suppressed for the good of the cause. Dr. James Brown Scott's "Historical Introduction," admirable enough in itself, wades through a morass of Revolutionary diplomacy largely irrelevant to the subject in hand; it is much too long (occupying, with the prefaces, almost half of the first volume) and is hardly in harmony with the purposes of the rest of the series. Occasionally Professor Bemis has allowed misstatements of fact to creep into the text, and there are the seemingly inevitable typographical errors. But the editor has surmounted most of his troubles in admirable fashion. As he says in a preface to the final volume, each contributing author has been jealous of his allotment of space, and the editor can only "hope that a majority of readers viewing the ten volumes as a whole will be persuaded that a reasonable proportion and organization have been built into the structure of the series." The reviewer will venture farther and say that the editor's skill and

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scholarship have made the entire work much better than it otherwise could have been. And without the editor and his advisers the series hardly could have existed at all.

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EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Criminal Justice on Trial

Politics and Criminal Prosecution, by Raymond Moley. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 241 pages. $2.50.

WHEN the expert unbends to shake hands with the man in the street and proceeds to tell him in simple language what it is all about, the chances are that even an expert has the human craving to see something doing in his field. There is no lack of solid fact in this book of Professor Moley's—indeed, it is of information all compact—but it is so vivaciously and entertainingly offered that even the man in the street will receive the word gladly. But, apart from its undoubted interest, the book is of unique value in the fact that it gives to the American public the first concrete and authoritative exposition of the role that politics and other extra-legal imponderables play in the administration of criminal justice—perilous stuff that has heretofore been clearly known only to the astute participants in the game, and more dimly, perhaps, to its victims.

The story is drama, with one character, the prosecuting attorney, disclosing himself as the dominant figure, the one man to be seen by all who seek, for better or for worse, to influence the course of justice. He may, in himself, be strong or weak, independent or controlled, but if there are behind the stage powerful forces, political or other, that have selfish ends to serve, it is only through him that they can hope to achieve those ends. It is a great game, and those of us who lust for power may well envy the master magician whose it is to bind and to unloose, to open or to shut the door of mercy on mankind. As Professor Moley puts it and as he demonstrates, "The office of the prosecutor has come to dominate the entire administration of criminal justice. It has to a great extent supplanted the sheriff, the coroner, the grand jury, the petit [or trial] jury, and finally the judge himself."

Now this is a hard saying and makes one wonder how it has come about. It is not so written in the books. It is certainly not in the tradition of our Anglo-American jurisprudence. Not the full answer but the key to the answer is contained in Professor Moley's further statement: "Politics, embodied in the prosecutor, administers the criminal law for its own objectives and in its own image." Statements such as this have been criticized by a reviewer, himself a former prosecuting attorney, on the ground that they are too sweeping and make no allowance for exceptional cases. But what this book gives us is not an indictment of prosecuting officials but a dramatic picture of the mastery of the instrumentalities of justice by the powers of the political system which holds us in thrall. They might well ask us: Why not? Is justice so unimportant or so unprofitable that we can be expected to leave it to doctrinaires and idealists?

As one reads this story of the thraldom of justice to the political powers, one wonders what it will mean to the leaders of the bar, to our bar associations and our crime commissions who are so deeply distressed over the apparent futility of our criminal procedure and who see no remedy but the enactment of new procedural laws—laws eliminating the already moribund grand jury and laws enlarging the powers of the trial judge and of the prosecuting attorney. All of these proposals are well enough. No sensible man, lawyer or layman, can take exception to them, but no sensible man, after reading this book, could think of them as having any important bearing on the problem to which they are directed. For the procedural law, however improved, will still be used, manipulated, we might say by the same officials and to the same ends as it is in its present unimproved form. What our book shows us is this: that the maladministration of our system of criminal justice, which Chief Justice Taft twenty years ago characterized as a disgrace to civilization, is a matter of the actual administration and not of the law, and that the character of that administration turns upon the men who direct it and not on the rules under which they operate. It is this demonstration that makes it worth while for the author to appeal to the man in the street, for, in the last analysis, it is in his hands that the remedy lies.

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY.

Gestalt Psychology

Gestalt Psychology, by Dr. Wolfgang Köhler. New York: Horace Liveright. 403 pages. $4.

JUST as Behaviorism, in 1914, came to the rescue of those psychologists who were surfeited with Introspectionism as well as of those with whom it never "took," so Gestalt psychology, in 1924-25 (with the publication of Koffka's "Growth of the Mind" and Köhler's "Mentality of Apes") again cast a faint ray of hope into the midst of psychologists approaching disillusionment with Behaviorism as well as Introspectionism.

But the Gestalt school made very few converts in America because the exact moment for the promulgation of a new school had not yet arrived. Behaviorism was then still on the up-grade. It is probable, however, that, had the Gestalt theory been formulated in as articulate though not so restrictive a manner as was Behaviorism, it would have met with a warmer reception. Behavioristically attuned as the psychologists then were, the barely translatable Gestalt terminology, as "gestalt," "closure," "insight," etc., sounded vague and mystical and suggested a much-dreaded regression to the philosophical level of psychology.

Today, with the heyday of Behaviorism behind us, psychologists are in a far more receptive mood, and, fortunately, the Gestalt school has more factual material to offer in more comprehensible terms. In his latest book, "Gestalt Psychology," Dr. Köhler presents the theoretical and practical aspects of Gestalt psychology with admirable lucidity and charm. His first concern, however, is to show wherein the existing schools of psychological thought, Behaviorism and Introspection, have failed.

He charges both schools with a dogmatic conservatism, rooted in a false regard for scientific purism and leading to sterility. Both schools chose the physical sciences as the

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model of precision and objectivity. But both failed to get the historical perspective straight—failed to compare the present status of psychological research with the comparable status of research in the physical sciences, when men like Galileo, Newton and Huyghens, far from confining themselves to any one method of research, gave free scope to naïve observation, upon which they relied for new material to be investigated as well as for corroborative data for material already under investigation. The qualitative method must not only precede the quantitative method, but must always accompany it if a science is to continue productive. To fix a method is to rule out all problems, no matter what their intrinsic importance, which do not respond to the given method. The pertinence of this warning is fully appreciated by a small body of research students in psychology who are forced to go from university to university in search of permission to undertake a problem which does not lend itself to statistical treatment.

But if Dr. Köhler's book is a plea for a more creative outlook upon the psychological field, it also uncovers the fertile places in the process of formulating the Gestalt hypotheses. These substitute a dynamical-physiological basis of experience for the mechanical-physiological basis of the Behaviorist and Introspectionist schools. Thus, all experienced order, whether spatial, temporal, or pertaining to the relatedness of things, "is a true representative of a corresponding order in the underlying, dynamical context of physiological processes." Köhler's example, in modified form, will serve to make this proposition more meaningful; the context of this sentence, as I write it, though extended in time, is experienced as belonging together, whereas the shrill noises in the street outside are experienced as something foreign, as not belonging to the context, though they are experienced at the same time. The psychological correlate of this experience of context is a corresponding dynamical unit or whole. The work of Lashley, in the field of physiological psychology, lends support to the Gestalt contention that physiological areas, and not isolated neurones or reflex arcs, are the basis of experience and behavior.

The substitution of a dynamical for a mechanical explanation entails two more major propositions: a physiological area, when specifically stimulated, does not act as an isolated whole but interacts with the rest of the organism; a stimulus is not an isolated point or thing, but a quality or pattern which owes its properties in part to the surrounding field. The implication of these two principles can be best appreciated in the following quotation:

> Instead of reacting to local stimuli by local and mutually independent events, the organism reacts to an actual *constellation* of stimuli by a total process which, as a functional whole, is its response to the whole situation. This is the only viewpoint which can explain how to a given local stimulus there may correspond altogether different experiences as soon as surrounding stimulation is changed,

as when the intensity of a color is altered by changes in the surrounding field.

Some time ago an article in The American Mercury told, in no mournful accents, of the senescence of American psychology. For me there *was* tragedy, but it lay chiefly in the designation, "American psychology." No one hears of American physics, or American physiology, or American astronomy, and to whom is the virility of these sciences not apparent? Psychology, looked upon internationally, is vibrant with life, too. Such books as "Gestalt Psychology," the works of Lashley, Freud, Piaget, and numerous others bear witness. AUGUSTA ALPERT.

Naturalism Becomes Religious

Religion, by Edward Scribner Ames. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 324 pages. $3.

NATURALISM became thoroughly religious when Ames wrote his book "Religion." Here religious thinking turned a corner. This new departure has long been overdue, but now at last it has come. For Professor Ames, religion is a natural process, as indeed is all of human life and God Himself. That does not mean that all these are "nothing but physical." They are just as chemical as they are physical, as biological as chemical, as psychological, social, personal, spiritual as they are biological.

He does not try to "prove religion" by means of "science." He has gotten far beyond that. He sees clearly, what so many fail to note, that every science deals with only one meager and abstract feature of the total concrete process of nature; and all the sciences together with only a number of these abstract features. But the total process of nature can be observed in the light of the ordinary, practical, social experience of mankind without harnessing the mind to any one of the special sciences. In fact, that is the way we eat a beefsteak, enter a room, or talk to our neighbor. We do not do such things scientifically. The process of nature viewed in this way reveals the objects of religious concern.

Ames does not defend religion. He is beyond that. He expresses and expounds it. He is deeply, glowingly, triumphantly religious. He is not a humanist. He criticizes humanism severely. Humanism, he says, has painfully lopped off from its view of the world the whole realm of the supernatural; but it has not completed the job. It continues to view man and nature very much as the old supernaturalist did, but with the supernatural left out. This is a mistake. The whole concept of man and nature must be reconstructed when the supernatural appendix is removed. This reconstruction consists in eliminating the word "and" from between man and nature. This the humanist has failed to do. Consequently he has only a maimed and truncated view of the world. Nature is for him only what is left after the supernatural is taken away, while man hangs midway between a non-existent supernatural and this poor remnant of a universe called nature.

But nature rightly viewed is not merely a remainder. It is a complete and self-sufficient totality. It includes human personality and the highest ideals, the most iridescent dreams, the loftiest love actual and possible. To see nature thus, however, requires a far more radical change in our way of thinking than has yet been accomplished. Anyone who thinks he has lost the truth and value of religion and the certainty of God, when he has cast off the supernatural, has simply failed to make this required readjustment of his beliefs and attitudes. Such is the teaching of Ames.

What is God in this view? God is nature functioning in one of the many ways in which nature functions. It is nature functioning in that way which creates, sustains and magnifies human life, preëminently that kind of life called social. But this social life, Ames constantly reminds us, is more than human. It is a process which draws into a single, organic system climate and geography and human hopes, soil and sun and human dreams, oil and coal and far ideals, waterfalls, chemical reactions, iron ore and love, atoms, star clusters and moral conduct. The social process is cosmic in its range, complexity and power. In its cosmic

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H. N. WIEMAN.

Fifty Marriages

What Is Wrong with Marriage?, by G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan. New York: A. and C. Boni. 308 pages. $3.

IS the institution of marriage suited to the needs of men and women today? Most of us would agree that in the marriage relation men and women find greater happiness than at any other point in human experience. But they also find deeper miseries. Is our scheme of arrangements the best that can be devised for taking care of the relation of the sexes and the bearing and rearing of children? It is worth-while to recall that one of the greatest students of social institutions reached the conclusion many generations ago that marriage was incompatible with the good life, and so eliminated it entirely from his plans for the reorganization of society. For us today, marriage and the good life seem to belong together. And yet the maladjustments—of which only the most obvious are recorded in the divorce courts—cannot be overlooked. They compel a searching reëxamination of the situation. Within the past two years a large number of books on marriage has appeared, most of them generalizations from a given individual's observation and experience. Now, however, the characteristic technique of modern scholarship has been brought to bear upon the institution. The facts of marriage have at last been allowed to speak for themselves. One hundred men and one hundred women have given detailed, intimate and painstaking testimony upon every phase of their married life. In the present volume, Dr. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan have collaborated in making the results of this research available for the general reader. The data was presented in greater detail for the specialist in a report entitled "A Research in Marriage," published earlier by Dr. Hamilton.

Each of the men and women who lent themselves for the study was asked nearly four hundred questions. The general purpose of these was to discover whether the individuals found their marriage experience a happy and satisfactory one and if not, at what point the friction and

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unhappiness occurred. The questions were so constructed in many instances as to check one another, and were so wide in their application that they constitute a charting of the field which should be useful for further inquiry. The following are a few of the topics considered: money arrangements between husband and wife, size of income, financial contributions of the wife, relative ages of the couples, their ages at marriage, the relation of education to married happiness, social and temperamental difficulties, the importance of the Oedipus complex, the sense of inferiority, sex-adjustments, the frequency and distribution of pre-marital and extra-marital experiences. Every reader as he follows the evidence of these two hundred men and women is sure at some point to find his pet theories or prejudices about marriage seriously shaken. Neither the conservative nor the radical will find the picture running true to form.

An interesting, though not surprising, aspect of the study appears in the fact that the women draw a blacker picture of the marriage situation than do the men. Only forty-five women were happily married, as against fifty-one of the men. The women, more than the men, were conscious of friction over economic arrangements, troubled by low incomes, and inclined to believe themselves socially and intellectually mismated. On the sexual side, forty-six of the women failed to get satisfaction from the physical relationship. The authors believe that the most probable explanation of this fact lies in psychological conditioning toward sex during childhood. There are striking figures which show that the women who, as little girls, met with encouragement in their first curiosity about sex and were given sex information so early that they could not remember when it came, had a far greater chance of functioning normally than those who met with rebuff or learned about the facts of life after they were twelve years old. These figures, and those which give aid and comfort to the Freudian hypothesis that the married happiness of men bears a definite relation to the recapturing of the mother-image in the wife, are among the most arresting features of the study.

But how far is it safe to generalize from the testimony of two hundred men and women? Are the results at all typical? The authors are quite explicit at this point. They maintain that the facts and figures which emerge from this study "are not typical but are extremely significant and suggestive." The persons selected were "intelligent" and "articulate"; they were "special cases of normality." Both the men and the women were chosen from a wide variety of occupations and from different age groups. There were fifty-five married couples included in the cases examined, so that for certain purposes both sides of the same family picture could be studied. Obviously, the opinions of two hundred persons cannot claim to reflect a cross-section of matrimonial experience. But we cannot afford to reject any illumination in this field, and the results of this study shed more light than a host of second-hand generalizations.

The greatest value of the research, however, undoubtedly lies in the method which it inaugurates and in its promise for the future. It would be most unfortunate if the study were dropped at this point. If 2,000 or, better still, 20,000 men and women from different economic, racial and occupational groups could give careful evidence on these questions which Dr. Hamilton has worked out, we should have the material on which to base something like an adequate judgment about the marriage relation. It might be found that some of the correlations worked out

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in the present study are quite accidental. In any case, need a great deal more evidence on the points at issue. If this type of investigation could be continued, we might eventually succeed in admitting sunlight and fresh air into some of the dark and hidden places of human experience where men and women are caught in the grip of forces which they do not understand and cannot, therefore, control.

HELEN EVERETT.

Why We Believe

Why I Believe in Personal Immortality, by Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 206 pages. $2.

Beyond Agnosticism; A Book for Tired Mechanists, by Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 170 pages. $2.

WHATEVER the evidence is for ghostly survival, it has all been stated. There have been no discoveries recently of ectoplasm or kindred phenomena, and no new techniques of "research" of any moment have been devised within recent years. As an old stager—his conversion to psychical research dates from 1883—Sir Oliver Lodge is well aware of this. He makes no pretense of presenting any evidence that is at all new or startling in kind. It is an old, old story that he is rehearsing, and the gentle assurance with which he tells it, the restrained and chastened certitude of manner in the face of "obloquy or derision" does great credit to his practical judgment. No evidence of personal survival has ever emerged from any séance room that could stand up under the scrutiny of a Jastrow or a Houdini. Whatever we accept on this subject must be received on the authority of persons, like Sir Oliver Lodge, who make a practice of believing; and consequently such persons must study well how to lend conviction. In this Sir Oliver has achieved preëminent success. Of his own quiet, calm, profound belief he leaves not the slightest doubt. His certainty, being genuine and durable, is actually infectious.

But on what does it rest? Recently, of course, on a long-established habit of life. Sir Oliver practises what he believes. Communication with his son Raymond, killed in the War, is almost a matter of family routine with him; so that we see him with perfect seriousness taking account of Raymond's suggestions in even such mundane matters as house-hunting. But behind the habit there lies a logic. Not only does Sir Oliver assume as an inviolable premise that mind is independent of body, quite distinct from brain, which he loves to describe as a "pulpy mass"; but he assumes also that this is a very modern and scientific view of things. "For by far the greater part of its history," he says, "mankind has been effectively aware only of the earth. . . . " He, of course, scorns the idea of physical survival or resurrection, " . . . that our poor discarded worn-out agglomerates of earthly particles would be collected together and be tortured or petted to all eternity." This he regards as an earthy notion. By its emphatic denial he is able to detach himself, seemingly, from the whole past of human superstition and to represent the modern belief in personal immortality not as a religious survival but as a scientific discovery.

This denial is of tremendous importance; for behind the logic there looms the psychology of belief. Why do we want to believe? Sir Oliver holds that without personal immortality our life is "a futile sport, without permanence, without meaning . . . going for nothing." Why? Because

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forsooth, we have been accustomed for thousands of years to think so. We know such things "by intuition." Even an Eddington, whose scientific achievements are much more considerable and recent than Sir Oliver's, seems disposed in his last book to credit "the sense of a divine presence irradiating the soul" and to view the lack of it "as we regard a man without a sense of humor." Interesting analogy! For whatever the reflexes are that produce laughter, a sense of humor—the sense of what to laugh at—is peculiarly traditional and customary. There is no such thing as "the" sense of humor, but on the contrary "the British sense of humor" or "the sixteenth-century sense of humor."

The force of tradition gives little trouble to a churchman. Like the Warden of St. Stephen's, he is associated with an ancient institution, the custodian of an ancient heritage. Dr. Bell is modern enough and clear-headed enough to feel his kinship with Pacific Islanders and Parsees, at least in terms of the "attempt to get into contact with superhuman, supermaterial, superrational, ultimate Reality, otherwise beyond man's comprehension, in terms of personality." But the identification is not complete. Dr. Bell is just as afraid of death as Sir Oliver Lodge and the Pacific Islanders. Like the Parsees, and Sir Oliver, he conceives that, "except in terms of God, the universe and my own life within it are meaningless folly, hopelessly irrational." The object of his faith is "to avoid that despair" which—inevitably, so far as he can see, or Sir Oliver, or the Pacific Islanders—must ensue in the minds and hearts of godless persons. "If there be any *contented* agnostic . . . "; but no! Perish the thought!

But whence the fear of death? Whence the pangs of cosmic loneliness? Whence despair? Like any modern churchman, Dr. Bell dismisses magic with abrupt disgust as "religion's bastard brother"; and doubtless he would class séances with magic. His metaphor is only too apt. Natural brothers, the issue between magic and religion would appear to be that of the legitimate succession. While Sir Oliver raises spirits, Dr. Bell pleads for the restoration to all branches of the Christian Church of sacraments and the "essentially Catholic" conception of worship—in short, transsubstantiation. Physicians say that quackery is the technique of curing people of diseases which they think they have. Mysticism and magic, "the sense of a divine presence" and supernatural raps and consecrated wafers: here we have the immemorial technique of therapeusis. But how astonishingly little all the doctors have to say upon the etiology of this strange, persistent malady of ours!

C. E. AYRES.

Sarah Orne Jewett

Sarah Orne Jewett, by Francis Otto Matthiessen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 155 pages. $2.50.

IT IS somewhat surprising that with all the interest and enthusiasm which has recently been directed toward our literature, there has been no previous full-length study of Sarah Orne Jewett. Her gift, to be sure, was a minor one, and her subject-matter not that which we are now inclined to consider most vital: "She looked at nature in its milder moods, and at mankind in its more subdued states of tenderness and resignation." Yet in at least one book, and in several stories, she produced, in her own way, masterpieces, and we would deny our heritage were we to forget her.

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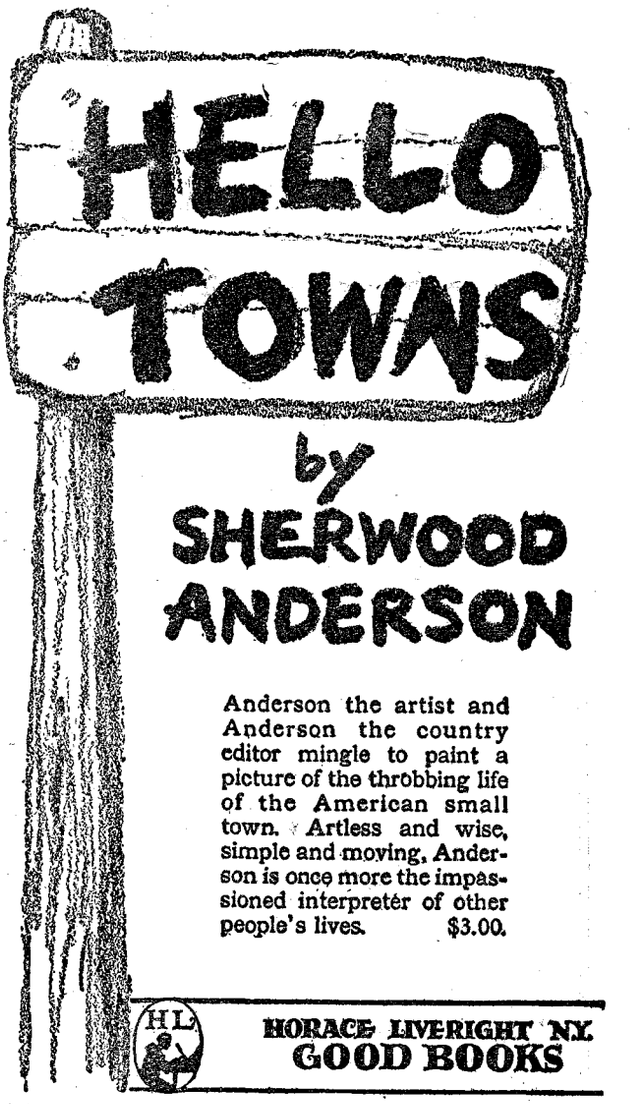
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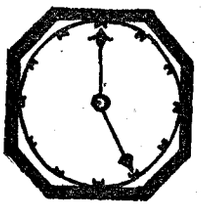

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character; she stumbled when she tried to make a plot. She said of her earlier work, "It seems to me I can furnish the theater and show you the actors and the scenery and the audience, but there is never any play!" Her characters are static; they do not move, as do the great characters of literature, through events which deepen and define them. Yet they are never two-dimensional; though we do not see them alter, they are very much alive; caught at their most revealing moments, they become, through a medium of their own, a part of our experience. "The Country of the Pointed Firs," Miss Jewett's best work, has no story; it merely describes half a dozen characters in a Maine fishing village; yet when we have finished the book, we know the village and its people and the countryside as we know no other American locality. When, as here, she wrote about what she knew, and by her gentle and delicate art, preserved for us the flavor of her knowledge, Miss Jewett produced work that will last, as "Cranford" will last.

A critical study of such an author, particularly if her memory has become a little obscure, should consist chiefly in an attempt to isolate her peculiar quality, to account for it by her life and environment, and to set it against the background of her contemporaries in an effort to determine its value. These things Mr. Mathiessen has very ably done. He excellently analyzes and communicates the flavor of her work, and his appreciation sends us back again to Miss Jewett's books themselves—something much to be desired. Only occasionally, in his literary judgments, does Mr. Matthiessen cause disagreement. "A White Heron," for example, is not as successful a story as he would have it, and one feels, when he is passing sentence on Miss Jewett's contemporaries, that he has accepted somewhat too unquestioningly the assumptions of the nationalistic school of criticism.

But such matters do not take away from Mr. Matthiessen's main achievement. His book is brief, sensitive, well written, and, like one of Miss Jewett's own stories, recreates for us the atmosphere in which its heroine moved. Would that more biographies could be as eminently suitable to their subjects as this one. THEODORE SPENCER.

Contributors

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